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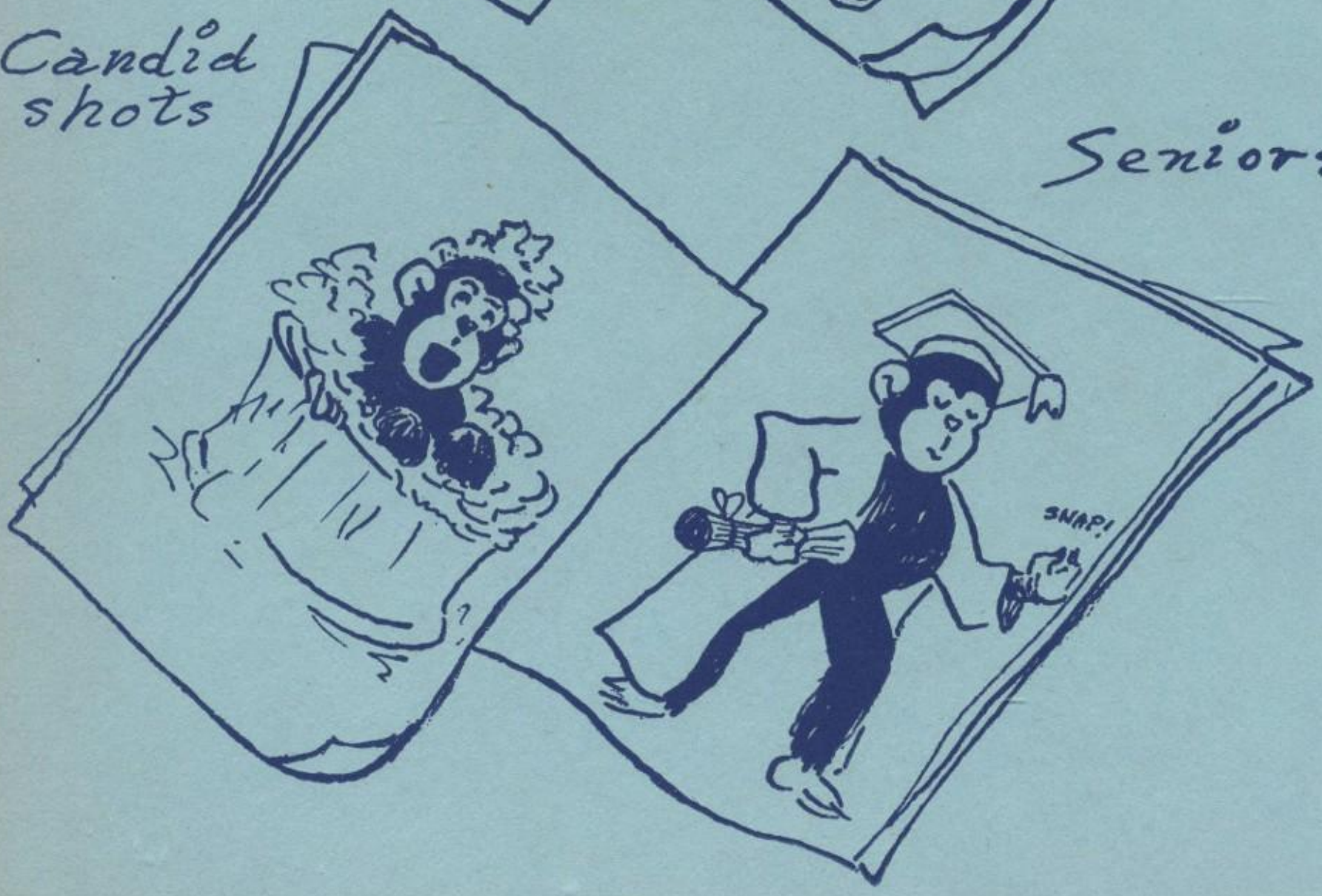
Dedication

Faculty

Candid shots

Seniors

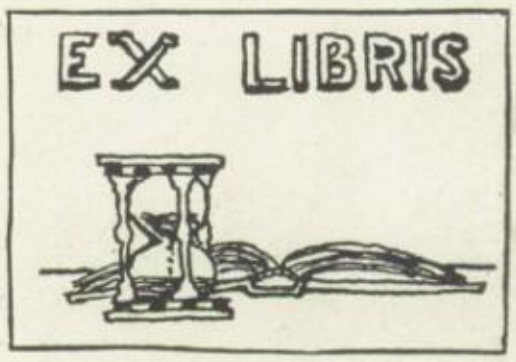


Activities

Classes

Sports

Advertisements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PATCHES

1941

PUBLISHED
BY THE
STUDENTS
OF
WOODMERE
HIGH SCHOOL

Foreword

Happy, sad, tired, and relieved the "Patches" staff is now able to sit down and rest. Happy because we have had a great deal of fun. Sad because our work is complete. Tired because of the last minute rush which probably all year book workers will expe-rience, and relieved because our copy is in on time.

It has been only through the efforts of our faculty advisors Mr. Gilmartin and Mr. Otis and other faculty members; Mr. Isaacs, our job foreman; Mr. Kamps, our photographer; and the student body, that the "Patches" Board has been able to compile your book.

The substance of our foreword is really only four words—Thanks "loads" to all.

THE EDITOR

Dedication

A long delayed tribute has finally come to pass for our beloved "Queen of the Fourth Floor." School and community alike respect and revere the name "Matty."

THE FACULTY

One fine Spring day, I was walking toward the library when a noise at the other end of the hall attracted my attention. A horde of teachers came swarming down upon me. Before I could get out of their way, I was sandwiched between Mr. Cmaylo and Mr. Baltzell. I tried to make my escape, but struggle as I would, I was herded into Miss Griswold's room. Seeing Mr. Baltzell take a seat, I took one just behind him. The din surprised me. Surely these could not be the same teachers who continually reprimand us for whispering. So, teachers are human after all.

Suddenly all noise ceased. I craned my neck to see why the room was so still. Mr. Allen had entered and took his seat at the desk and in a stentorious voice said, "Will the meeting please come to order." A cold wave of horror swept over me. This was a faculty meeting. No student in all Woodmere history had ever attended one. What was I to do? I decided it would be better to try to remain unnoticed. Mr. Baltzell's broad shoulders offered ample protection from Mr. Allen's eagle eye, but nevertheless, I was uneasy.

The business of the meeting was quickly dispensed with. My discomfort grew less under the hearty hospitality of Mr. Allen's manner. I knew that even if I were discovered, nothing drastic would happen. He would understand.

The door opened. In walked Mr. Ogden. I had never seen him before, but instinctively I knew that it was he. His quiet dignity is a certain sign of a school superintendent. Don't misunderstand me. He's not the frightening kind of superintendent —but the soul of geniality. Mr. Ogden, longing for his erstwhile duties as principal, had just dropped in to see if the meetings were still the same as ever.

Mr. Allen announced the sales results of March 28's basketball game between the faculty and the seniors. I had attended it and at the thought of the game almost laughed aloud. How funny it seemed for the teachers to change places with the students. Why, Miss DuBois in the midst of her numerous duties, found time to walk up and down outside the school, wearing a sandwich sign advertising the game. But then Miss Du Bois never seems too busy to attend to anything, no matter how small. At some time or other, every student has learned how understanding she is.

Seated as I was in the corner, I had an

MR. OGDEN
MISS DU BOIS
MISS HASS

MR. ALLEN
MR. SOUTHARD
MISS METZLER

MISS GRAHAM — MR. CMAYLO
MISS UNDERHILL — MISS WILLIAMS
MR. OTIS — MRS. BROWER

excellent view of the room. As my gaze wandered, I saw some one who looked familiar. For a moment, I couldn't place him. Ah, then I remembered, Mr. Southard, the truant officer. "OOH! I hope he doesn't see me," I thought. I seem to remember that I wasn't in school last Wednesday. But then, "Gone With the Wind" was a very good picture. After all, considering the way the Juniors cut school to see plays, I don't see why my going to the movies should matter. I don't think that when I'm a Junior I'll cut school. I've heard their English classes are so interesting. Miss Haas's room is the gathering place for students of all ages and sizes. Her untiring patience and incomparable assistance in the production of "Outward Bound" is deeply appreciated by all the third-year-ites. I know what I have to look forward to next year in English. Despite all Miss Metzler can do to brighten the task, the reading of Jacob Reis's enlightening autobiography is heartily hated by all members of her English classes—and she does do a great deal to make English enjoyable.

A bright note in the room caught my eyes. It was "Mademoiselle" Moser, chicly attired in a lipstick red sweater and a gay plaid skirt. Although Miss Moser is a real American, one would never think so to speak to her. She even speaks English with a bit of a French accent. All the language teachers in the school seem to be deeply attached to their chosen subject. I've even seen Mrs. Kielty take home a Cicero book to read for pleasure. From what I've heard of Cicero, Mrs. Kielty certainly must love Latin! Sometimes in the hall, I notice upper classmen in huddles saying to one another, "Imagine, she reads Latin because she likes it." In Spanish class they really go in for atmosphere in a big way. As soon as the threshold of Señora Phillips' classroom is passed English is forgotten and discarded. The uninitiated find it queer to be addressed as señor or señorita. The Spanish Club even went so far as to attempt a satire on Romeo and Juliet, in Spanish. That's ambition for you!

My revery was interrupted by the announcement by Miss Griswold that the list of candidates for the honor society would be sent around to the teachers for their approval. I became all ears. Of course I couldn't be elected until next year, but still I was interested. Miss Griswold is just the type of person to head the Asterian Society. Fairness and impartiality are her keynotes. I have heard that she was "hard to get to know," but when once you did, you yielded your heart to her unconditionally. Her able assistance as nurse at the faculty game was noted and deeply

appreciated by Mr. Cruickshank and Mr. Baltzell.

A group of Senior boys who looked in the window were waiting for Miss Graham. The girls would like to know (or so I've heard) what Miss Graham has that they don't. Mr. Cmaylo, too, is popular with the pupils, especially the girls. His time is divided between teaching freshman English, coaching the football team and taking charge of intra-mural basketball.

That's Miss Underhill over there in the corner of the room. I can recognize her by her universally admired smile. As faculty adviser of the school's largest extra-curricular organization and of two other prominent clubs, she is the busiest lady in the school's social affairs. All the history teachers seem to be special favorites. It's a toss-up as to whether Miss Williams's or Mrs. Brower's history classes are the most popular. And anyone who can make Ancient History interesting should be showered with praises.

Mr. Otis was looking out of the window, wondering if the track meet had started yet, I guess. I hope it hasn't because I should like to watch. Mr. Otis certainly is versatile. Among his many duties are Spanish, then Civics, training a track team, and the biggest task of all—making ends meet for "Patches."

Patient Mr. Cruickshank, too, must be anxious to see how his track team will fare. His patience with pupils taking Intermediate for the fifth time is remarkable. Mr. Cruickshank rechristened Snooky-Crookie for the faculty game, did nobly, indeed, for the five old men. Miss Schneider is sitting behind Mr. Gregory. Her room is always crowded with Freshmen worried about first year Latin and Elementary Algebra. I'm there practically every afternoon (I should be there, now). Won't this meeting ever end! Mr. Gilmartin is getting up to leave. He's probably rushing off to the "Patches" office. With his feet draped across the noble editor's desk, he adds puns and jokes to the groans of the "Patches" staff. I've been trying to decide whether he resembles Robert Donat. Yes, I guess he does.

Miss Vickery is now deeply engrossed in telling the assembled teachers under what a great disadvantage she is in conducting girls outside athletics. Her request is that the school rent a bus, for many of the girls after walking to practice have to walk home. Miss Vincent has the same complaint and both of them are very earnest in their appeal. We boys have one so why shouldn't the girls—but then look what a team we have. Our boys' basketball team sure was wonderful. Playing in the finals with a tall opposing team and only losing by three points is a wonderful feat.

MISS MOSER MRS. KIELTY MRS. PHILLIPS MISS GRISWOLD

MR. CRUICKSHANK
MR. BALTZELL
MISS MAAS
MISS SCHNEIDER
MR. PLANTAMURA
MISS HART
MR. GILMARTIN
MISS PULVERMACHER
MISS VAN DER MEID

Mr. McSweeney deserves a great deal of praise for he brought a team, composed, for the most part (excluding H. Sammis) of short boys, into the finals of the Interscholastic tournament. He worked very hard, but I think he was amply rewarded when he saw the fine showing the Blue Jackets made.

Mr. Radtke is standing up. He is asking Mr. Allen when he can have another assembly program, for he has discovered some new talent. He's always busy with the band, the glee club, and "Pleasure Island."

An aroma of something to eat floated through the window. Miss Vander Volgen jumped up. "Oh, my goodness! Some of my girls are baking a cake. They must have burned something. I have to go and see. Excuse me, please." She hurried out of the room amid many chuckles. That certainly was funny—I haven't seen anything quite as amusing since I saw Mr. Gregory, our manual arts teacher, at the faculty-senior basketball game in the costume of the 18th Century. He made his own death weapon—axes with which Miss DuBois and Miss Vickery slew him while cheering "Give 'em the axe."

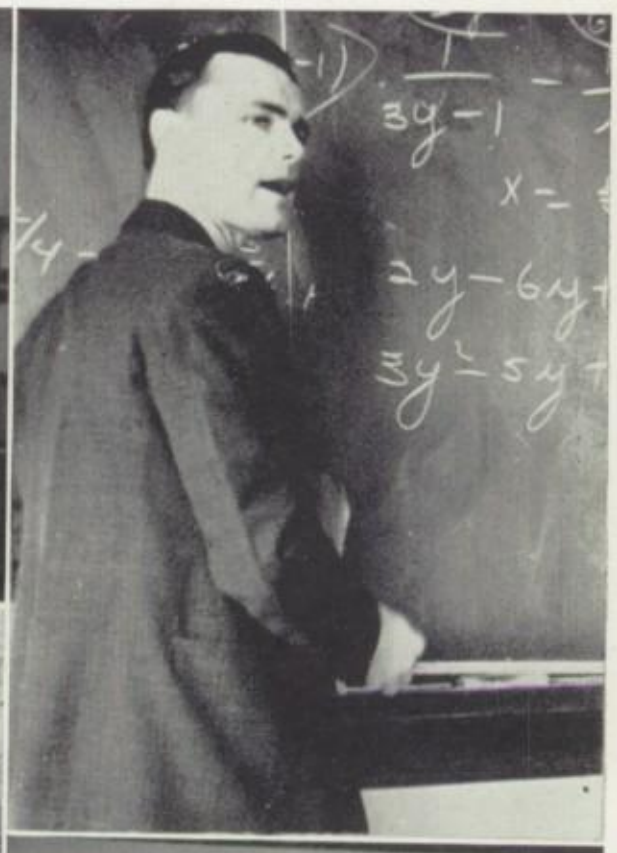
For lack of anything better to do, I began to count the squares on Mr. Baltzell's brown-plaid jacket. A half-back that plays the violin is certainly a rare sight. Mr. Plantamura, the Romeo of the Biology lab., is sitting in front of Mr. Baltzell. Everybody calls him Mike—when he's not around, and some call him that when he is. Maybe when I'm a senior I

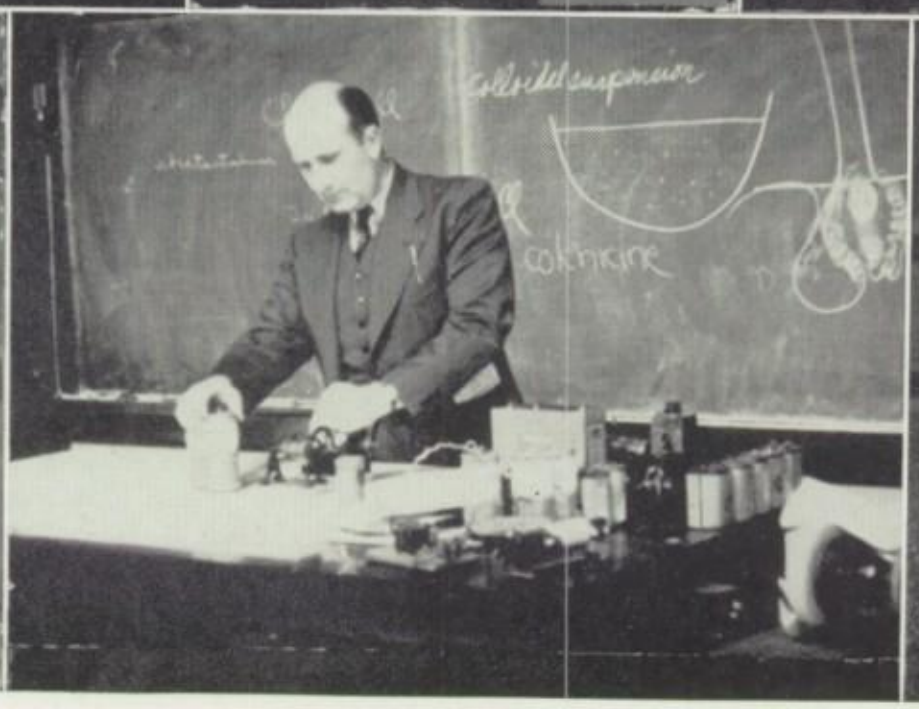
will, too. Gee, I wish this meeting would end. If only I could walk out, but I don't dare. Miss Pulvermacher has just asked about her etiquette class. You'd never know she's a teacher. She's so nice. Why, somebody once saw her standing in the hall; thought she was a pupil, and called, "Hi ya toots," to her. She didn't even get angry. My gaze wandered about the room. That's Miss Maas over there. What nerves she must have to remain so cool and competent with the click and whirr of typewriters in her ears all day. She would be the business-man's ideal secretary. Miss Hart is speaking now. I wonder what would happen if by force of habit she called Mr. Allen, "Lady Jane." Her flare for discovering and moulding talent in the Art Department has won that division much prestige. Now, it's Miss Van Der Meid who's speaking. She's asking Mr. Allen for a larger allowance for books in the library because, she explains, the students are so careless with the books that many of them get lost. That reminds me. I have a book that was due today.

At last the meeting showed signs of ending. In a minute's time the session was adjourned and I, still unnoticed, made my way to freedom. As I crept past the foreboding door I saw Mr. Allen talking to Mr. Radtke. I could tell by their expressions and gestures that they were discussing the mysterious case of Mr. Radtke's lipstick. When he appeared in the cafeteria with his face smeared with "war paint," there was quite a commotion—As he explains it, he had been playing one of the girl's clarinets and the reed must have been covered with the female's indispensable cosmetic.

MISS VICKERY
MR. RADTKE
MR. McSWEENEY
MISS VANDER VOLGEN
MISS VINCENT
MR. GREGORY

Seeing my way clear, I rushed through the halls, never bothering to return my library book, for it was so good to be in the cool outside. Later, I stopped to watch the track meet. When I saw the teachers cheering for the good old blue and white, I was quickly reminded of the faculty-senior game. Only this time, they were cheering for the school's team. I'm sure they admit that they had more chance of seeing their hope for victory realized this time, although their fervor was none the less.





Our Faculty Unaware, For Once

DONALD NYREEN

Donald is known as "Whitey" to his intimates although a more accurate name would be "Blondie." Possessed of the reddest cheeks and the friendliest smile in W. H.S., he was an attractive as well as efficient class-president. On his slight shoulders has rested that wearisome burden for ten long months. However, he managed to keep order and his sanity—to everyone's amazement, especially Donald's.

DONALD NYREEN

JEANNETTE SCHWARZ

JEANNETTE SCHWARZ

Every class has its shining light, and Jeannette is certainly ours. Besides being vice-president of the class in 1940 and 1941, on the basketball and volley ball honor teams, and on the Asterian Society; she also aptly characterized Miss Wheeler in the Junior play, "What A Life." Jeannette's final achievement was as editor-in-chief of "Patches '41" into which she poured most of her time and interest.

MARJORIE McCORMACK

ANN MONROE

MARJORIE McCORMACK

Herewith, we present our most esteemed classmate, Valedictorian for the class of '41. (Hear! Hear!) In all seriousness, however, we are proud of Marjorie, for in addition to this achievement she was also secretary of the Honor Society, business manager of "Patches" in '40 and '41, class secretary in '40 and '41. Under her ginger-colored hair, Marjorie hides a brain which does her honor.

ANN MONROE

Ann has more or less become a part of Woodmere since she entered. She was our efficient treasurer, proving that graciousness and even a reticent disposition are rewarded by popularity. In addition to her duties as an officer, Ann was a member of the Glee Club, the Dramatic Club, and the Activities Board. Last year, she was an able actress in "What A Life."

STANLEY BARAK

Stanley's chief interest is photography and he has done a great deal in this field. He possesses a zeal for work which would amaze anyone. Much of his time was spent in constructing the new stage sets, which certainly do him credit. Stan may not always appear willing to do a favor, but he usually does it and does it well.

PEGGY BEAUDOUIN

Blonde beauty and bubbling personality contribute to the charm of one of our best-loved Seniors. One cannot forget Peg's portrayal of Barbara Pearson in "What A Life" and her term as president of her Junior Class. We must also mention her active membership in the Dramatic Club and Asterian Society. Peggy's smile and cheerful disposition have endeared her to Woodmere.

STANLEY BARAK

PEGGY BEAUDOUIN

SIBYL BECK

Serious-minded yet prompted by inexplicable causes to bursts of hilarity is our own Sibyl. In a debate, she treads middle ground caring more for the human values than anything else. She was a member of the Dramatic Club, Art Club, and International Relations Club. Sibyl's reading in English class is a source of delight, especially when she injects her emotions into characters such as Lady Macbeth.

SIBYL BECK

THOMAS BARNWELL

THOMAS BARNWELL

Tommy Barnwell is the more silent type who does not indulge in swift patter. However, he is earnest in all he does and says. He was quite successful as an end on the football team this year, in addition to going out for track. Tommy has red hair of the less vivid variety and his gentle sense of humor is sensitive to the wit of others.

PHYLLIS BEHRENS

Phyllis Behrens is famous as "the little girl with the deep voice" though there *are* smaller girls and deeper voices. Archery and Badminton are her major accomplishments in the field of sport. She was also a member of the International Relations Club and was active in the preparations for "Yes and No." In addition, Phyllis is a very good dancer and gets plenty of practice.

PHYLLIS BEHRENS

ARTHUR BASTIAN

ARTHUR BASTIAN

Arthur is a slow speaker but a quick thinker. He is self-reliant and can always be depended upon although he is apt to have little confidence in himself. Arthur played J. V. Football for two years. He is easily recognized by his amusing giggle, his sandy blonde hair, and that mischievous twinkle in his eye.

ALFRED BLEICH

ALYSE BLOCK

ALFRED BLEICH

Tall, blonde, and indifferent—you know, Al Bleich. One could call him rather fickle if inclined to understatement. Al is a renowned football star in addition to it all. Full of fun and mischief, he abounds in optimism and good nature. You have indeed been deprived of a rare treat, if you were absent when he thrust forth his tenor voice in "Pleasure Island."

ALYSE BLOCK

Alyse has been in Woodmere ever since we can remember although she has fairly breezed through these years. She has participated in such activities as "Patches" in '40 and '41, the Dramatic Club, and the International Relations Club. Alyse has an alert sense of humor and a quiet sincerity which endears her to her many friends. She also possesses a rare quality which fosters a sisterly sort of instinct in her.

WILLIAM BROWER

Presto! We present Billy—the Houdini of Woodmere. He was the founder of the Woodmere Magic Club and has entertained us in assembly many times. However, Billy has other things on his mind besides magic. One of these is Latin, and he has stuck through four years of it. If Mandrake were human, we believe he would find Billy stiff competition.

BETTY BOOTH

Among Betty's achievements are her excellent characterization of Miss Pike in "What A Life" and her endeavors as manager of the senior hockey team. Betty also worked on the "Bulletin," "Patches '40" and was an active member of both the International Relations Club and the Dramatic Club. Betty acts well, speaks better, and writes best.

WILLIAM BROWER

BETTY BOOTH

GARNET BRANDT

It's seldom you see Garnet without a smile on her face, but rare as these occasions are, she is then the soul of wrath. But she usually counts ten before showing her temper, an admirable characteristic. Garnet is generous and good-natured and has a very friendly disposition. Garnet takes life lightly and we think she has the right idea.

GARNET BRANDT

STANLEY CAIDIN

STANLEY CAIDIN

If you need a friend, "Oscar" is always there, that's the way he is. He's a wonder with English themes and Latin translations, and he's an expert in American History. He was a member of the Spanish Club and the Debating Club. All in all, no one could be more deserving or better fitted to be our Salutatorian.

SHIRLEY BRANDT

Shirley has gone through high school so quietly that many have not even been aware of her presence. Much of her time has been devoted to softball and hockey. In her Junior year, she employed her shorthand prowess as a member of the Shorthand Club. Shirley, in addition, is a changeable person — alternating between happy-go-lucky spells and her customary serious manner.

SHIRLEY BRANDT

EDWARD COHEN

EDWARD COHEN

Eddie doesn't say very much—about himself or about anything—but he does things and does them well. He's a perfect gentleman and appears exceedingly shy until he utters a witty remark at a most unexpected moment. It's advisable to be wary when Eddie appears most serious, for the odds are two to one that he's having a good time at your expense.

HERBERT CONE

GERTRUDE CHMIEL

HERBERT CONE

If you had chanced to see a boy briskly pacing the corridors in school this year with a thousand things on his mind, you would have known that was Herbert Cone. Herb has been quite active in several activities including "Patches," the "Bulletin," and the International Relations Club. He offers solutions to scholastic and worldly problems with the same degree of determination. All of us easily recognize his spontaneous wit.

GERTRUDE CHMIEL

Possessor of the softest voice in Woodmere, Gert is shy and reserved in both word and manner. Her athletic tendency lies in the direction of volley ball while her esthetic preference shows itself by her membership in the Glee Club. Gert is pleasant, often timid, but always genial and friendly.

DANIEL DALY

A boy with such a diminutive name as Danny Daly naturally must be small himself to keep the records straight. He is mildly averse to advertising or in any way bringing into prominence his faults or virtues, but we know him as genuinely witty and perhaps even mischievour under certain conditions. He went out for J. V. football in '38.

AUDREY DEGROOT

A rather shy and certainly quiet member of our class is "Little Audrey." Her favorite activity was badminton, and she won her share of honors in this field. Another of her interests was field hockey. Audrey is reserved and unassuming and seems to have little to say. However, she often blossoms into rare spurts of humor which add much to her unusual charm.

DANIEL DALY

AUDREY DEGROOT

JOAN DONAHUE

Joan usually has something to say—and she says it. However, rest assured that it's something worth while, because that's the way Joan is. You might remember her as the scrubwoman in "Yes and No." Joan was secretary of the International Relations Club and a member of the French Club. She is always cheerful and her smile knows no favorites.

JOAN DONAHUE

MERVYN DORFMAN

MERVYN DORFMAN

Behind a serious and impressive exterior, Mervyn possesses humor, geniality, and dramatic abilities. Proof of this last claim can be had in the fact that he enacted important roles in both the Junior and Senior plays. He is perpetually busy with his fraternity affairs, but he doesn't exactly shirk his school work. In reality, he has been one of the higher ranking members of our class.

ELAINE FRIED

A comparative newcomer to Woodmere is Elaine Fried. She is one of the prime interrogators in nearly every class. In English and History she is often found arguing pro or con. One of her favorite pastimes is the intense pursuit of archery. Elaine is thought of as a sincere, likable girl who has readily made friends.

ELAINE FRIED

ARTHUR DORIE

ARTHUR DORIE

Perhaps a little slow and deliberate in taking action, Arthur does manage to get things done. In track, he is one of our stellar runners 'lest his generous proportions deceive you. In his Junior year, Arthur was a member of the Varsity Club. Altogether, he is quite likable for his good-natured outlook on life.

HOWARD GEIGER

SALLY FYFE

HOWARD GEIGER

An appalling crew-cut and an equally appalling sense of humor endear Howie to Woodmere. His versatility is exemplified by his performances as the cigar-chewing Ferguson in "What A Life" and as the romantic Bagshott in "Yes and No." Aside from wisecracking, Howie's favorite hobby is worrying. However, in spite of his weighty problems, he always finds time to enjoy a good laugh or to create one.

SALLY FYFE

Sally has been with us since 'way back in grammar school, but she has changed so much that few realize she is the same girl. However, she still possesses the quiet charm that even then distinguished her. Sally seems to have a quick temper in spite of her obviously easy-going disposition, but usually keeps it well under control.

WILLIAM HENDRICKSON

Bill Hendrickson is one of those boys who sees a joke in nearly everything, often to the exclusion of others. His explosive sense of humor is incongruously mingled with a serious interest in historical events. He was a member of the Spanish Club in which he participated with interest. Bill is a happy-go-lucky individual who will probably remain that way.

BLANCHE GOLDBERG

Blanche makes up exactly half of the inseparable twins, but it is almost impossible to determine *which* half. Both girls give the same impression of quietness and eagerness to please. Blanche is, perhaps, the more persevering of the two (at least, we think it's Blanche) and always stays at a job until it is done.

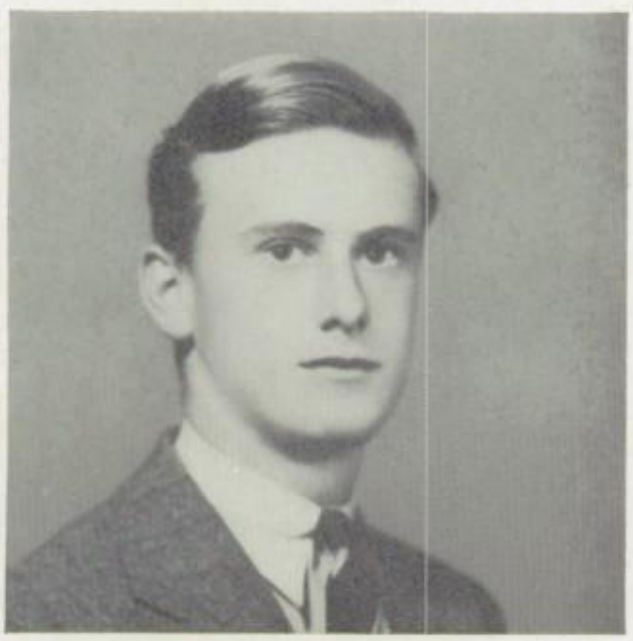
WILLIAM HENDRICKSON

BLANCHE GOLDBERG

DEBORAH GOLDBERG

We're not quite sure which one of the Goldbergs we're writing about now; but if it isn't Blanche, it's Deborah. Ping-pong, volley ball, hockey, and basketball have claimed her interest at one time or another during her school years. Deborah is a rather quiet girl not without accomplishments, one of which is never leaving her sister's side. Altogether, she and Blanche make Woodmere's outstanding twin-set.

DEBORAH GOLDBERG



HERMAN HENGGELER

HERMAN HENGGELER

Herman is known as "Big Gootch" or "Gramps." Like his brother, he has a passion for hunting and fishing. He is unassuming and has little to say, but is serious in purpose and intent. He is persevering and easy-going, and gets things done with no apparent effort. He is ambitious and hard-working, attempts many things and usually accomplishes them all.

ELLEN GRAHAM

Another of our rusty-topped group is "Kitty," owner of one of the most good-natured dispositions and widest grins in old Woodmere. "Kitty" is as much at home in the water as a duck, but she swims with more speed and skill. She possesses an independent, self-reliant attitude that is as attractive as it is valuable.

ELLEN GRAHAM

WALTER HENGGELER

WALTER HENGGELER

Walter, better known as "Gootch," has a great love for outdoor sports. His favorites, by far, seem to be hunting and fishing. Whether his game is "in season" or not, Walt pursues it with reckless abandon. Possessed of an extremely dry sense of humor, he has caused his friends and his associates many merry moments.

LOUIS HOCH

DORIS HENDRICKSON

LOUIS HOCH

Louis Hoch stands out as one of our more publicized classmates, since his summer activities made the grade for the "New Yorker." In school, he has achieved fame in soccer, ping-pong, and photography. He is also a member of the band, keeping himself in practice by playing in his house the dulcet tones of his saxophone—that is, dulcet to Lou.

DORIS HENDRICKSON

Doris is the petite and sparkling Miss whose sudden smile brightens every class. She abounds in friendliness and charm, and possesses an amazing vitality. Doris has a tendency to put things off until the last moment, but she is slowly overcoming it. Her fun-loving manner and friendly air have endeared her to all.

LONNIE HOWELL

Lonnie is that very outspoken and sincere fellow who has upset many an English class with his oral topics that are devoid of all hypocrisy. He has more or less devoted himself to football all through the high school years, and he appears to be quite interested in track. Lonnie impresses all who know him as an unconventional but straight thinking individual who worries little about anything.

KAY HENDRICKSON

Kay is the girl who seems to be perpetually blushing, but perhaps this is a natural result of her shy and retiring manner. She is truly an intelligent girl with decided opinions on just about everything, including Howie. She is a former member of the Shorthand Club, having pronounced tendencies toward precision and neatness.

LONNIE HOWELL

KAY HENDRICKSON

DORIS HULBERT

Doris is one of the few girls in Woodmere who is often seen but seldom heard. Another of her qualities which is as delightful as it is rare is her frequent blush. Doris has more than distinguished herself in her many scholastic undertakings, and she has invariably caused her fellow French students to wonder at her prowess.

DORIS HULBERT

FRANCIS HURLEY

FRANCIS HURLEY

Do you recall the large, blonde siren who sang "Oh, Johnny" in the coquettish little voice? Well that, believe it or not, was "Bud" Hurley! If you missed the Varsity Show, you'll remember him as Mr. Vecchitto in "What A Life." Bud has also been Woodmere's outstanding grid linesman for the past three years. "Bud" is easy to get along with and a very hard worker.

CAROLE ISAACS

A serious girl with a lot of pep is difficult to find, but then perhaps you don't know Carole. Her deep blue eyes are accurately indicative of her artistic temperament. As recompense for her ability, she was one of the more outstanding members of the Art Club. Carole also was on the Activities Board and vaunted her particular flair by helping paint the scenery for the Senior play.

CAROLE ISAACS

MYRON IVLER

MYRON IVLER

One bouquet we can't throw at Myron is his dramatic ability, particularly in Shakespeare. His interpretations of Macbeth and Hamlet do not quite rank with John Barrymore's. Nevertheless, Myron has managed to get along in every other way, perhaps because of his amiability and sense of humor. He is a quiet and unassuming thinker with a decided leaning towards things mathematical.

MEL KATZ

LORNA KLAR

MEL KATZ

A pleasant smile and genial attitude characterize Mel Katz whenever you see him. He has accomplished laudable things at Woodmere even though they have nothing to do with studies. He played soccer, went out for track, and was one of the male stars in the Senior play, "Yes and No." in which he represented the lover who got the girl—or didn't he?

LORNA KLAR

If any Senior has considered high school dull, he did not have the good fortune to take classes with Lorna. This unpredictable Miss is well known for her sneezes in study hall, interruptions in class, and squeaky laughter which would identify her anywhere. By her portrayal of Jo in "Yes and No," however, Woodmere learned the real worth of its "Scatterbrain."

RICHARD KOEHN

Richard Koehn has distinguished himself in several ways at Woodmere, primarily in scholarship. In recognition of his persevering work, he was made a permanent member of the Asterian Society. He was one of the capable stage-managers for "What A Life." Richard is somewhat reticent about himself, but those who know him are quite satisfied by his earnestness. He also appears to be a mathematical genius.

CAROLYN KUPFERBERG

Quiet and unassuming, Carolyn, or Lynn as her friends call her, has earned a permanent niche in Woodmere's Hall of Fame. Much of her time was devoted to typing for the "Bulletin" and to archery. Her love for children will probably make her a kindergarten teacher. If you want a favor done, ask Lynn; she'll never turn you down.

RICHARD KOEHN

CAROLYN KUPFERBERG

CAROL MEYER

Carol is famous as the two-year winner of the Nassau County Girls' Tennis Championship. In addition, she made the honor team in basketball, hockey, tennis and badminton for three years. Carol has also worked for the "Bulletin" and for the Red Cross Club. She is outstanding for her personal attributes—an easy-going disposition and ready wit. What more could we possibly say?

CAROL MEYER

SANFORD LATNER

SANFORD LATNER

A virtual tower is Sanford Latner, who condescendingly looks down on all fellow-classmates. He is not only tall in stature, but also broad in knowledge. His extra-curricular activities include the International Relations Club and the Spanish Club. "Sandy" is quite renowned as a bridge player; and if you ask his friends, they'll say it is due to his logical and perhaps mathematical mind.

JEAN MORSE

Tall, friendly and athletic, Jean is seldom absent from any field of sport. She was on the honor team in basketball, hockey, tennis, and badminton for three consecutive years. Jean was also active in the Dramatic Club, the International Relations Club, and the Red Cross Club. Her opinions and advice are given freely and with good feeling.

JEAN MORSE

HARRY LEE

HARRY LEE

Harry Lee, that master set designer, is a familiar sight on the school grounds. You will not have to look diligently for him anywhere, as he is sufficiently visible even from a distance. He spent considerable time executing the sets for the Junior Play, "What A Life," and the more than satisfactory results are greatly to his credit.

DAVID LOEB

MARION MURACHANIAN

DAVID LOEB

Through four years of high school, Dave has sauntered in his own inimitable way. He doesn't look like the persevering type; but when he wants something, he usually gets it. Whatever Dave lacks in dignified attributes, he makes up for in his generosity and sense of humor. He's a demon in history class and on the golf course—hitting the 90's in both.

MARION MURACHANIAN

Marion has about the most amusing laugh in W.H.S. and about the best sense of humor, too. She devoted her time to the Red Cross Club, Dramatic Club, Girl Scouts, and was also a member of the Asterian Society Council. Many of you may remember Marion as the gym teacher in "What A Life." She said only two words, but she stole the show.

ALAN LORBERBAUM

Alan is well known to residents of the Five Towns as he is incessantly dashing about in his two-tone Buick. An easy-going nature with an accompanying sense of humor are evident in his personality. He figured prominently on last year's tennis team and ping-pong squad. Although he is not very studiously inclined, his ever-present grin broadcasts congeniality and general satisfaction with the world.

MARY ORLANDO

Mary is perfectly at home any place at any time with any one. She has a sharp tongue that has never met its match, and she also has a temper in perfect accordance with her flaming hair. Mary has earned honors in hockey, volley ball, and softball. Her keen wit has made her pleasant to meet and delightful to know.

ALAN LORBERBAUM

MARY ORLANDO

HELEN POWERS

Woodmere certainly has its share of attractive members of the weaker sex, and Helen is proof of it. Inclined towards being too serious, Helen is diligent in her work and she is a sincere person. She has the will to accomplish things and usually puts this strength of purpose to fine advantage. Other admirable traits are her genuine friendliness and her charm.

HELEN POWERS

BOYCE MacGRAIL

BOYCE MacGRAIL

Lanky in appearance but not lean in mind characterizes Boyce rather accurately. His wandering reflectively in and out of classrooms may explain his fund of knowledge, particularly on current affairs which he displays in history class and in the International Relations Club. For the past two years, he has applied his scientific theories to the game of ping-pong so well that he is a star on the team.

BARBARA QUINT

Behind an enviable smile and green eyes, lies Barbara's own unusual mixture of solemnity and hilarity. As Miss Shea in "What A Life," Barbara exhibited and really proved her dramatic ability. She was a member of the Glee Club and she loves to sing. Her favorite song for some time has been "California, Here I Come." Meanwhile, Bobbie's doing all right around here.

BARBARA QUINT

CHARLES MARQUSEE

CHARLES MARQUSEE

Charlie possesses the unbeatable combination of red hair and green eyes—both being vivid. He is the bane of every teacher's existence and every freshman girl's idol. One of his major accomplishments was his management of the treasury of his Junior Class. As far as the expression "Lucky in cards, unlucky in love" is concerned, Charlie is lucky in both—at regular intervals.

MYRON MAYPER

JOAN RUNKEL

MYRON MAYPER

To some people Myron is still Henry Aldrich whom he protrayed realistically in the Junior Play. It is true that it has been quite difficult for him to get out of character from his wisecracks to his supposed innocence. If we should examine his more serious aspects, we would find him well versed in a number of things, scholastic and sundry.

JOAN RUNKEL

Here is ample proof that good things come in small packages. Like small Napoleon, Joan has done great things. She was president of both the Dramatic Club and the Asterian Society. She also did nobly as Mrs. Jarrow in "Yes and No." In addition, Joan swings a mean ping-pong racket. In every field, she has yet to meet her Waterloo!

ROBERT MENDELSOHN

Bob is a star in his own right on the athletic field, especially on the gridiron. He spent six long weeks, during the past year, coaxing one of the shortest haircuts in existence back into cultivation. You may remember him as George Bigelow in "What A Life" or just as the strapping fellow answering to the call of "Mendy."

ROSALIND SHERR

Soft-spoken and reserved, Rosalind has impressed all who know her with her unusual ease of expression. Her penetrating research in current affairs was often eagerly received by the International Relations Club. Graciousness in manner is an attribute worth having, as Rosalind must admit. She is very precise and possessed of much worldly knowledge which she imparts to all.

ROBERT MENDELSOHN

ROSALIND SHERR

GLORIA SILVERSTEIN

Sparkling eyes and a happy-go-lucky laugh identify Gloria to all. She is well known for her amusing portrayal of Sally Jarrow in "Yes and No." Glo is also renowned for her inability to carry a tune and is usually found reading an exciting novel or concocting a new coiffure. She is seldom dignified, but her lack of dignity only adds to her charm.

GLORIA SILVERSTEIN

TEDDY MORTNER

TEDDY MORTNER

Wearing glasses would seem to imply a studious nature, but not necessarily, as in the case of Teddy Mortner. He is known to be a foe of all conventions and decorum. This is particularly evident in Miss Graham's classes, where he has been doing almost everything but English. His activities in the Dramatic Club are paralleled by his appearance on the soccer and ping pong teams.

ADELAIDE VILARDI

Adelaide is tall and dark with bright eyes and very white teeth. Her favorite athletics are basketball, badminton, and hockey; and she has been on the hockey honor team for several years. Her principal interest is child-nursing and she will probably enter this field of endeavor. Adelaide is not very talkative, but when she says something, it is usually either amusing or informative.

ADELAIDE VILARDI

AMEDIUS NOTTURNO

AMEDIUS NOTTURNO

"Medie" Notturno is one of the more familiar landmarks at Woodmere. Many of us will never forget his impulsive decision to "drop it all" a couple of years ago when he refused to go through "Mill On the Floss" again. Starting as waterboy for the football team, he struggled successively into the task of managership, and finally as scout for Mr. McSweeney. He was also one of the stars on the basketball, football and baseball teams.

JULIAN RASPANTI

GRACE WARD

JULIAN RASPANTI

Always beaming, Julian or "Rusty" as his intimates know him, seems to regard life as a sequence of funny experiences. These are those who see eye to eye with him on this, as Julian is quite ingratiating to the girls as well as to the boys. He has been content not merely with playing varsity football as end, but he also provided several exciting moments in the Varsity Club Show.

GRACE WARD

If you ever want a favor done and don't know whom to call upon, ask Grace. We guarantee that you'll find her "ready, willing and able." Grace is possessed of a generous nature which is enviable and a knack for saying the right thing which is incredible. She has a fine sense of responsibility and gets things done with no trouble at all.

JOHN REIGHLEY

Studious and earnest in all endeavors, John is usually rewarded for his efforts. For two years, he has been a member of the Honor Society in good standing. John has a secret interest in farm work and the training of horses, having had practical experience in both. He admirably sets an inspiring example to those who have ability which is lying dormant in them.

ROSE WEISS

Soft-spoken and agreeable is Rose Weiss. She appears to have two distinct talents, one in typing and the other in driving up to school rather late with her brother Max. Rose is recognized as quite a good dancer. She spent her first two school years at Long Beach, coming to Woodmere to conclude her education.

JOHN REIGHLEY

ROSE WEISS

HELEN SHAPIRO

Helen is a newcomer to Woodmere, but she has already earned her welcome. She is an excellent example of the adage "Silence is golden," as she certainly has little to say. She is a diligent worker and has a practical outlook on things in general. Helen's disposition is usually easy-going although she seems inclined towards pessimism. Luckily, this tendency is seldom perceivable.

HELEN SHAPIRO

ROY ROEMER

ROY ROEMER

If you think Roy is an easy-going, serious fellow, rest assured that he's not. He has an especially keen sense of humor and can argue with a vehemence that would have shamed Daniel Webster. If you'll give him a drawing pencil and a few minutes, you may see a sketch that would deserve great praise.

MARILYN WHITE

Although Marilyn is a Far Rockaway girl at heart, nothing prevents her from fitting easily into the scheme of things at Woodmere. She is fameo for her nonchalant air and her amusing self-confidence. Marilyn is adept at drawing; consequently she was a member of the Art Club. Until recently, she had found another way of attracting attention by rattling by in some antiquated specimen or other.

MARILYN WHITE

WILLIAM ROSENBAUM

WILLIAM ROSENBAUM

Another fiend at wizardry in Woodmere is Bill Rosenbaum. His obsession seems to be whipping out a deck of cards as an official Magic Club member or otherwise. Scholastically, he has done all right for himself and he is a track star besides. In his spare moments between work and duck hunting, he is an indispensable party-goer forming the team of Bill and Bill.

LEROY SIEGAL

ETHEL COLEPAUGH

LEROY SIEGAL

Dropping all superfluous formalities, "Roy," as his countless fraternity brothers know him, is rotund and jolly. In case you don't know it, he displayed a great deal of artistic ability in building and painting the sets for the Senior play. Roy, for all his light-hearted attitude, can be seen seriously smoking cigarettes on occasions.

ETHEL COLEPAUGH

Ethel is the soul of friendliness and a true missionary of good will. She possesses a generous amount of self-confidence and knows her own worth. Not only does Ethel do things herself, but she also knows and respects the abilities of others. She has an appreciable sense of humor and can be always counted upon to liven up a dull party.

JOHN STEINMULLER

John Steinmuller forms that expert and experienced team of practical jokesters along with "Giant"-obsessed Arty Bastian. It seems to be part of his nature to have fun at other's expense, but he is inherently reserved and sometimes even backward. John has been rather persistent in his liking for football, as he was a guard on the J. V. and subsequently performed odd jobs for the Varsity.

SUSANNE HALLO

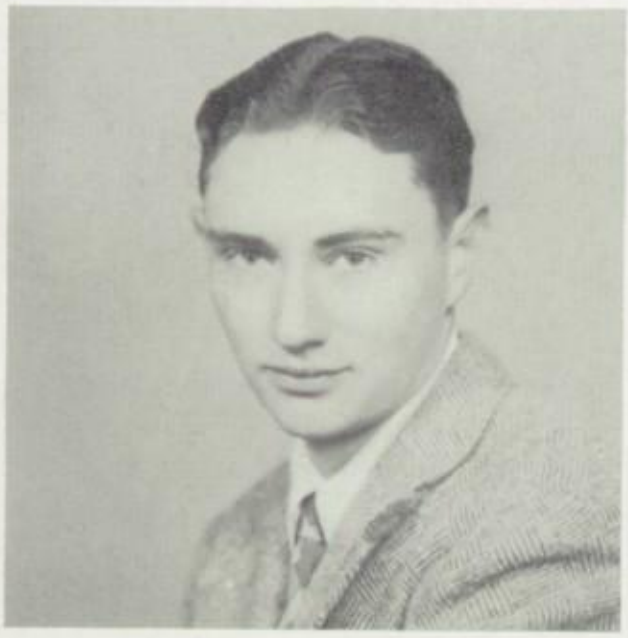
Susanne, accompanied by her unsuspected English accent, came to this country recently in search of what it offered. Yet, she has reversed the procedure by offering to Woodmere High her knowledge and friendliness. Her eager desire to become acquainted with American history is equaled by her success in it and other subjects. She was a member of the International Relations Club and an invaluable contributor.

JOHN STEINMULLER

SUSANNE HALLO

IRA STRAUSS

Quiet about his accomplishments, Ira has revealed his versatility to many. Athletically speaking, he finds tennis, track and ping-pong most to his liking. He was an outstanding member of the Camera Club and some of his more expert photographs were seen on exhibit from time to time. His famed oral talks in English contained much of his dry wit and served as inspirations to the less graphic.



IRA STRAUSS

WILLIAM STRICKLAND

WILLIAM STRICKLAND

Bill Strickland is the athletic type, which, needless to say, appeals to the opposite sex. He has been successful in many endeavors—that is varsity football, basketball, and track. Bill is very much addicted to moodiness, but he manages to get by on his looks and his sense of humor — both worth while assets.

MURRAY TIMONER

Murray Timoner, one of Woodmere's newcomers in the past few years, has rather successfully concealed his scholarly aptitude in his face, which is topped by his persistently wavy hair. Murray can be seen at intervals poring over magazines or engaged in his usual tete a tetes. He performed regularly for the soccer team and achieved distinction in it.

MURRAY TIMONER

ALEXANDER VOGELEY

ALEXANDER VOGELEY

Red hair on a boy may not be unique, but when there are two wide and popping eyes underneath, it could only be Alex. He also indulges in spasmodic laughter and looks of bewilderment, alternating between the two. Alex doesn't appear to regard work with a grave concern, but he did go out, and we do mean out, for varsity baseball.

ROBERT WALKER

WALTER WALTHER

ROBERT WALKER

Bob is the strong, silent type, saying little but doing things and doing them well. He has an intense interest in aviation and this topic dominates his ambitions. Bob works so silently that one is invariably amazed at his accomplishments. He was a star during track season and a bright one. Bob is reliable and stable in addition to being an exceedingly clear thinker.

WALTER WALTHER

Of course, we should prefer to get intricately involved in a mass of glowing adjectives about Mr. Walther's head of hair, but we'll just have to be contented with saying that "Red," as he is known to all, is a pretty amusing fellow. He played football and was in the Varsity Show. "Red" is an exception to the proverb about being seen and not heard.

JOSEPH WEINSTEIN

If a minute of the day has passed that did not include a whimsical or even hilarious remark by Joe Weinstein, it has not been reckoned in the annals of time. Lest this deceive one, it should be stated that he has directed his talents elsewhere, such as soccer and the Dramatic Club with studying provided for the interim. Joe's name shall be remembered, at least, for his renowned assembly orations.

MAX WEISS

By now, we suspect Max of being an inveterate dasher-about as we have never seen him standing still. With the aid of his sturdy little Plymouth, he may be seen driving to a fraternity meeting or going to supervise the building of a set for one play or another. Max is an energetic person with a spontaneous sense of humor.

JOSEPH WEINSTEIN

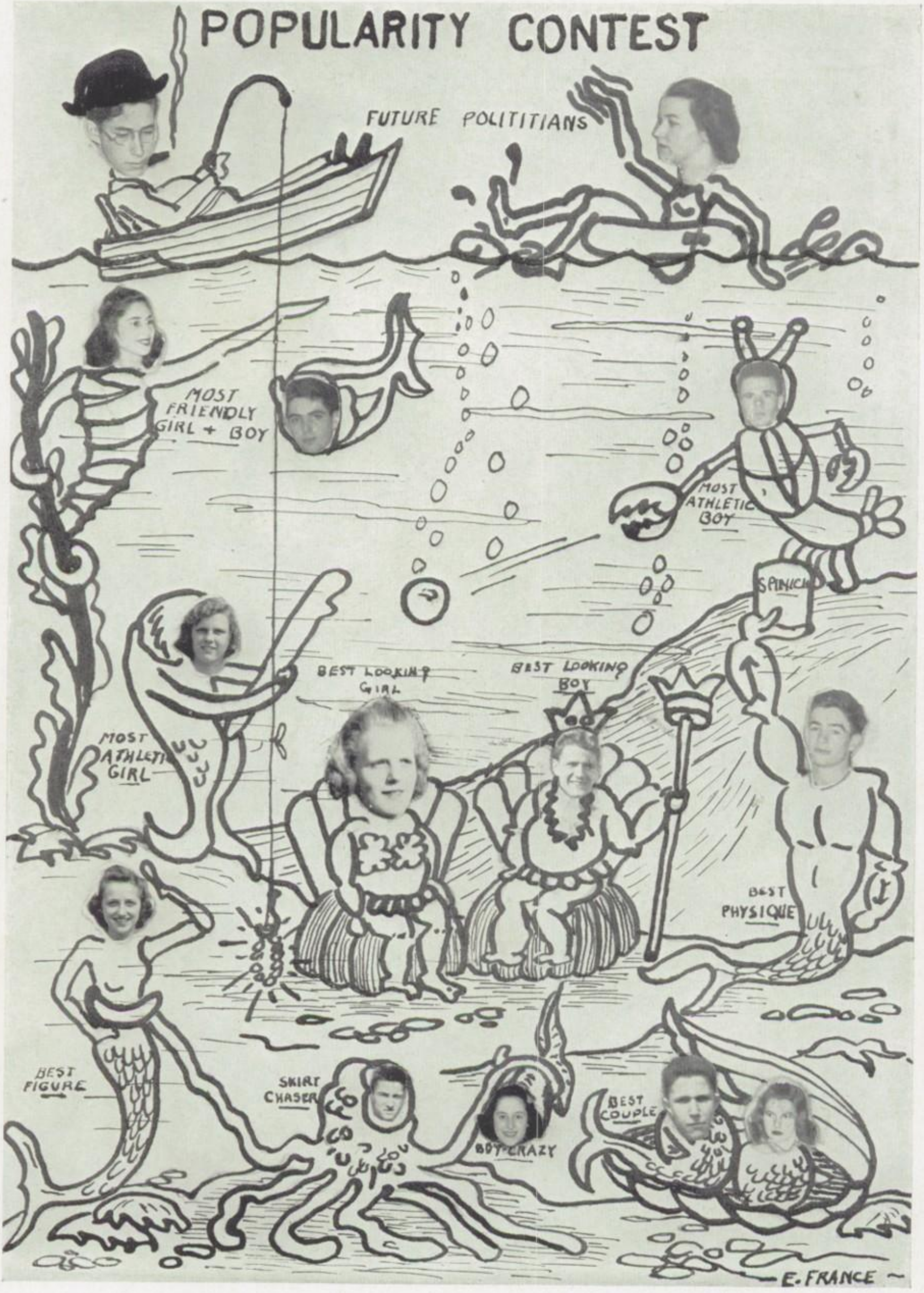
MAX WEISS

ROBERT ZWEIGEL

ROBERT ZWEIGEL

Bob Zweigel can be rightfully called an active member of the class. Being editor-in-chief of the "Bulletin," on the Activities Board, and in the Debating Club is an accomplishment in itself. In addition, he expounds his usual New Deal logic weekly at the International Relations Club meetings from table-tops or other uncomfortable spots. His leisure time seems to be occupied mainly by fraternity affairs.

Senior Candids


POPULARITY CONTEST
FUTURE POLITITIANS
MOST FRIENDLY GIRL + BOY
MOST ATHLETIC BOY
BEST LOOKING GIRL
BEST LOOKING BOY
MOST ATHLETIC GIRL
BEST PHYSIQUE
BEST FIGURE
SKIRT CHASER
BOY CRAZY
BEST COUPLE
E. FRANCE

FOOTBALL TEAM

The 1940 gridiron campaign was one of Woodmere High School's most successful in recent years. Coach Victor Baltzell, completing his third year at Woodmere, produced a team that overcame innumerable handicaps to conclude its season with a record of three victories and four losses.

Although the record itself is not too impressive, this eleven was seldom matched when it came to fighting spirit and competitive vigor. Recalling the South Side game verifies this statement. Hank Guyer's charges were inside the Blue and White ten yard stripe on no less than five different occasions, but each time were thwarted by a fast-charging Woodmere line. Woodmere reached the peak of its effectiveness in that contest and played itself out to garner a hard-earned 6-0 victory.

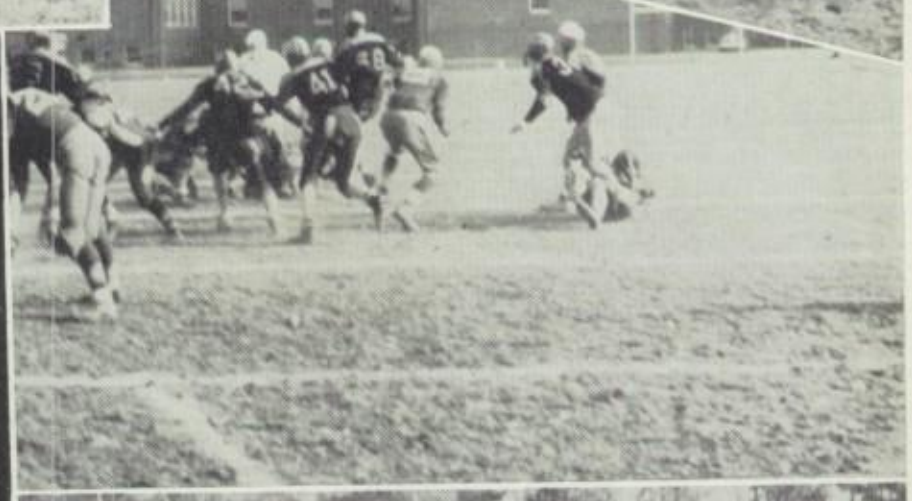
The team inaugurated its season by dropping a close 7-0 decision to a heavier, but outplayed, Garden City eleven. Woodmere really deserved this game but a costly goal-line fumble in the third period set up the winning tally for the Cherry Valley combine. The following week saw Coach Baltzell's warriors capture a 7-0 triumph from an out-classed Lindenhurst team. In the second quarter, Lou Pansini passed from the Green and White's fifteen to Co-Captain Harold Sammis, who stood unmolested in the end zone.

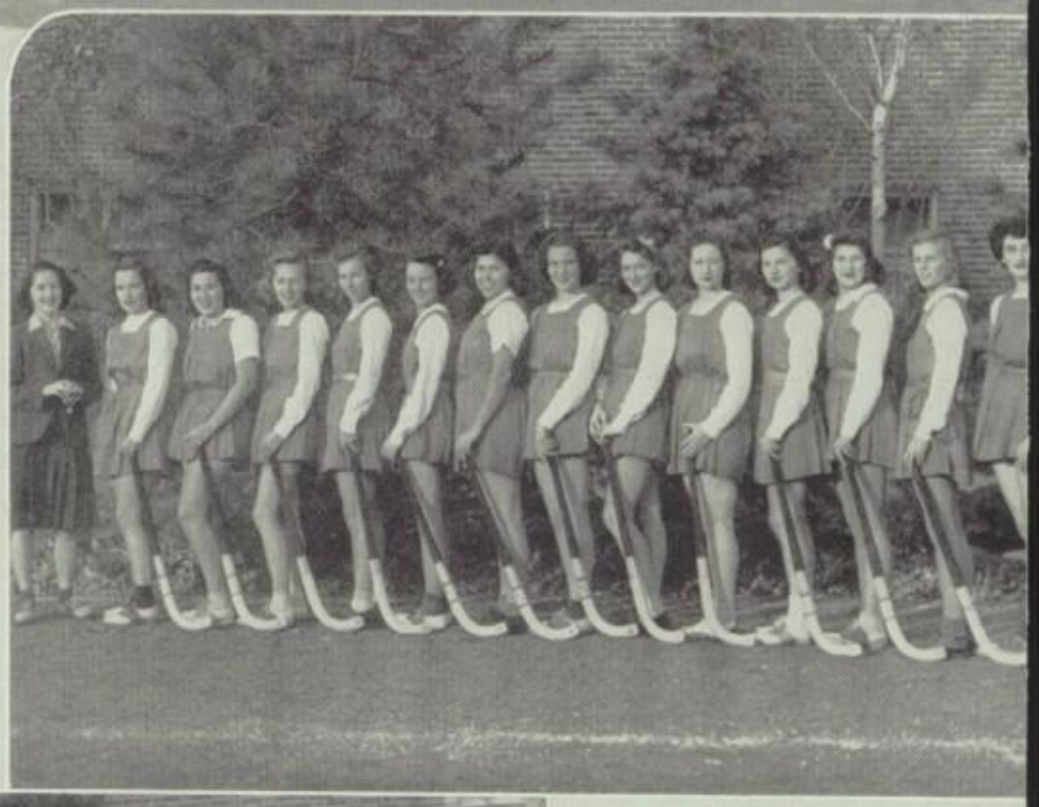
Woodmere tobogganed the next two Saturdays to drop successive engagements with Roslyn and Long Beach by scores of 6-0 and 26-0. The team came back strongly, however, to trounce a visiting East Rockaway eleven by a 20-0 count. The fracas was highlighted by the return to action of Co-Captain Bill Strickland, who had been injured in a pre-season scrimmage. Bill scored two touchdowns against the hapless invaders to lead his team to a sparkling victory.

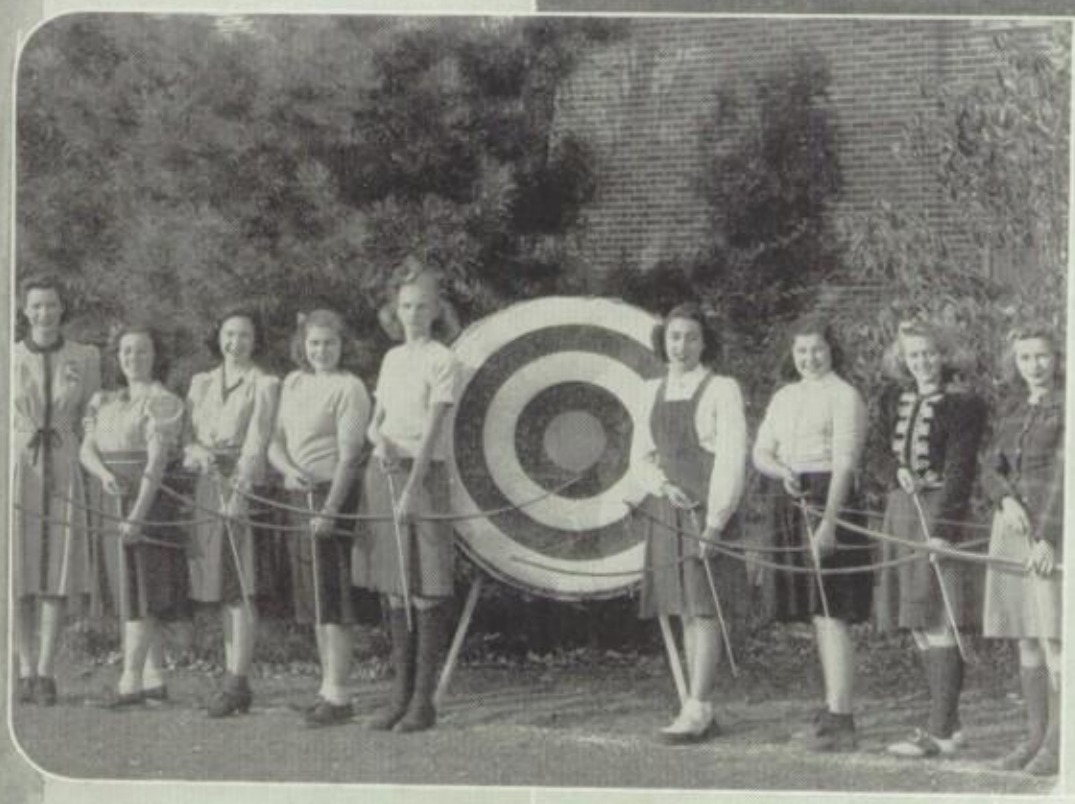
Woodmere entered the Election Day clash with South Side as the underdog, but at the finish the wind-swept scoreboard read, WOODMERE-6 . . . SOUTH SIDE-0. Strickland again paced his team with a touchdown jaunt around right end in the second period for eleven yards and the deciding score. Assuming an early lead against Malverne in the final game the following Saturday, the Woodmere defense weakened considerably in the second half and permitted their opponents to score twice to win by a score of 12-6. Strickland's brilliant 70-yard dash in the initial period produced the lone Woodmere score.

At the conclusion of the season, linemen Hurley, Bleich, and Sammis, and backs Strickland and Pansini were mentioned on several All-Scholastic teams.

WOODMERE







Hockey

Soccer

Archery

Hockey

Center bully! Free hit! Goal! All these odd utterances were heard during the past hockey season. In the intramural tournaments held annually, the seniors triumphed. However, the combats were very close. At the annual playday, Woodmere proved her mastery of the hockey stick, as she won two and tied one of the three games played. At the end of the afternoon, outstanding players were chosen. Betty Reilly was selected as a Class "A" player, while Mary Orlando and Olga Wyrostock were mentioned as Class "B" players. To Mrs. Saunders, the team leaves a box of aspirin with blessings for less noise, less headaches, a hope that there will be better co-operation in returning uniforms, and best of luck for a victorious season next Fall.

Archery

"Ah! at last we have found it!" Many a pleasurable afternoon was spent retrieving the arrow which one of our Cupids had shot. It's simply wonderful, the things these fair maidens can do once they get a quiver of arrows in their hands. As the fall weather grew colder, our coach, Miss Vickery could be seen from afar with a coat slung over her head, one around her waist, hugging her ankles and blowing the whistle. No, sir! That chilly wind never bothered her. During this season, real talent was discovered in Katherine Monroe, one of our newly acquired Freshmen. Next year with our able Freshmen, we expect to be in the lead at the Playday. And now, let us see how the other teams are progressing.

Soccer 1940

Starting their campaign with but one practice session behind them, the Woodmere booters met Baldwin in their first encounter and dropped a closely played match, 2-0. The Blue and White team was composed of six new players selected from the intramural squad and the old reliables from the previous season. Woodmere then clashed with their local rivals, Woodmere Academy, but were shut out in a keenly contested game, 1-0. Eager for revenge, the second meeting of the two teams saw a more balanced team assume an early lead in the initial quarter on Bob Martin's tally but weaken to yield a goal in the third stanza, and that is the way the battle ended, 1-1. Woodmere slumped the following week and was defeated by Baldwin, 3-0. The season was not a victorious one but was successful inasmuch as it provided a number of fellows with an outlet for their natural competitive vigor and spirit.

THE SENIORS PRESENT

"YES AND NO"

NOV. 15

DIRECTED BY MARIE J. UNDERHILL

MRS. WEBB_____JOAN DONOHUE
THE REV. RICHARD JARROW_____MERVYN DORFMAN
EMMA JARROW_____JOAN RUNKEL
SALLY JARROW_____GLORIA SILVERSTEIN
JOANNA JARROW_____LORNA KLAR
THE REV. MR. BAGSHOTT_____HOWARD GEIGER
ADRIAN MARSH_____MELVYN KATZ

ACTIVITIES BOARD

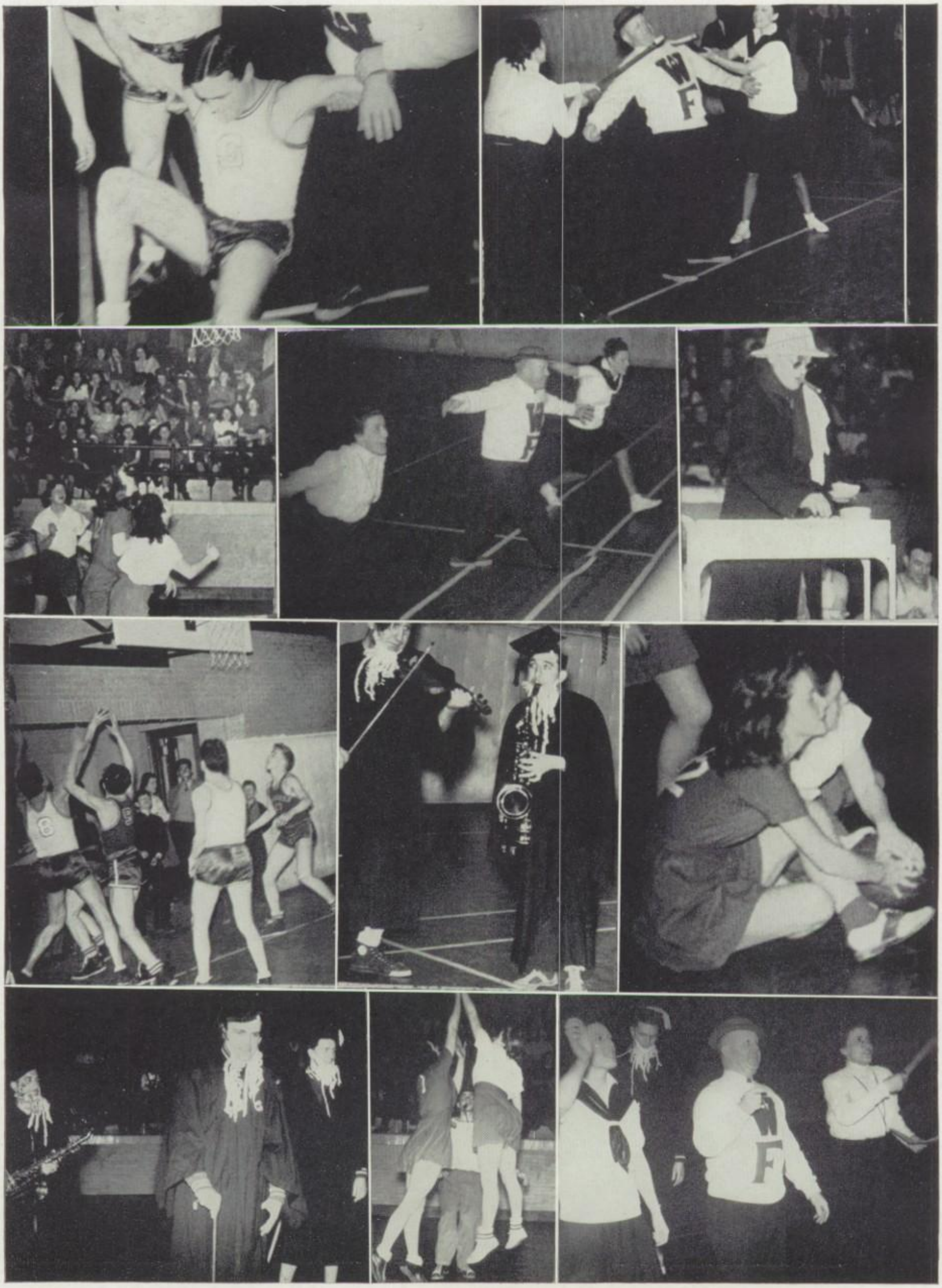
ART CLUB

FOOTLIGHTERS

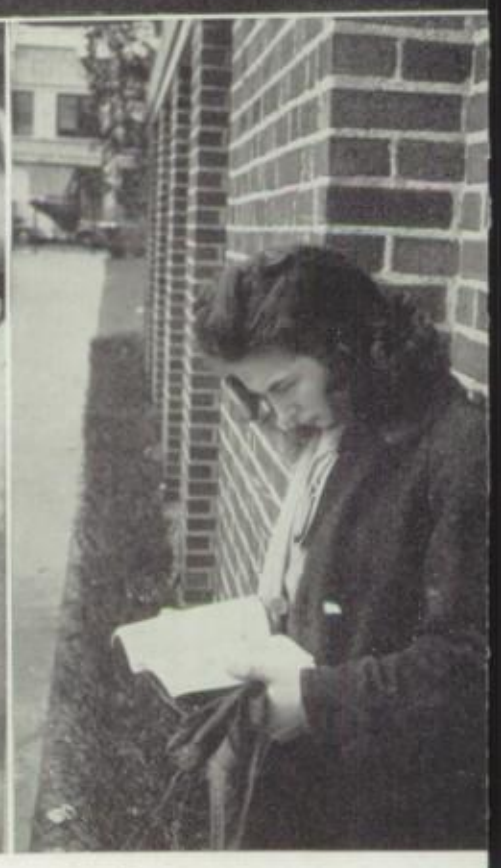
International Relations Club

Asterian Society

Red Cross



Faculty vs. Seniors



THE JUNIOR CLASS

What, me (I mean "I") write up the Junior Class? Sure, but . . . well, what can I say? The class officers? You know who they are: Gene Bokor, President; Stephen Schwartz, Vice-President; Marilyn Fried, Secretary; and Carol Schloss, Treasurer. Sure, I remember David Krashes' taking off his shoes in solid geometry class. That was when everything was "tholid" (the gag being pulled every day much to the chagrin of Mr. Cruickshank), especially our heads, when we attempted to learn that every point somewhere was a quadrant's distance from something else. Then there was Jerry Teldon in physics class, who, day after day, told Mr. Baltzell, "There's one thing I don't understand." Whereupon, amid remarks about his lack of hair, our esteemed physicist explained the Le Chatelier theorem. There was Leo Postrel's sauntering into Mlle. Griswold's French class ten minutes late and being greeted from the "maitresse" with, "Mieux vaut tard que jamais." Leo blushed, the class roared, and Mlle. Griswold was quite pleased. Surely, it was Mary Galligan who managed to get a group of severe Woodmere theatre critics to see "The Doctor's Dilemma." It seems that Julius Caesar was a rather terrifying man, for when Marilyn Bloom heard of him she fell off her seat in English. But what about Abbot Lish explaining the "slip-stick" (slide-rule to you) to one of the faculty? Old-fashioned Lola Mirin and Ruth Lee seem to remain in the gay "nineties" forever. (Just look at their report cards.) During band rehearsal, I saw Richard Heim waving his clarinet in front of Mr. Radtke, who, at the same time was telling the rather persistent Bert Weiland that he could not sit with Dick Schulman and play the first sax music. They tell me that a genuine artist starves and lives in a single room. I don't know about Marilyn Goodman's and Barbara Schreyer's diets, but they have made Miss Hart's room their home.

If only someone could lend Richard Niditch an extra test tube and Arthur Rau some matches, they might finally discover an unknown element, which they could name after Charles Imershein (another chemist). Elaine Candell will supply the necessary formulae. And, of course, I mustn't forget about Señor Buddy Martus' always telling Señora Phillips that he'll never speak to her again, after causing her to "sprain a tonsil" telling him to keep quiet. And that cry of the juniors selling pencils with the football schedule printed on, "Get your pencils! Can't enjoy the game without a pencil!" The highlight of the year was the junior play. After six weeks of intensive rehearsal and various other preparations "Outward Bound," under the direction of Miss Hass, turned out to be a great success. Now let's see what the sophs did.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

"El Baile Español" replaced swing as slightly bewildered frosh became suave sophs and began to fashion their individual places in school life.

Some financial wizard early hit on a way to fill the class treasury and so everyone skeltered hither and yon selling magazine subscriptions. The campaign was such a success that the treasurer, Audrey Kreeger, promptly forgot her troubles for the rest of the year. The Green girls, sister act extraordinary, finished 1-2 in the officers column, Edie becoming president and Vivienne vice-president and luncheon guest at the activities board meetings.

Buddy Sammis led off the athletic parade by starting the majority of the football games at the blocking back post. During the basketball season, "Mike" Healy earned his varsity letter and enough sophs made the J. V. squad to form a potent class five. The star class representatives on the track and baseball squads were Joe Vilardi and Harold (Knipper) Knapp, both of whom had earned letters the year before.

Basketball was not only the boys' but also the girls' favorite sport. "Sweety" Leykamn and Janice Mills led the class team through the season. Jane Wolbarst and Irene Maday were also active in sports.

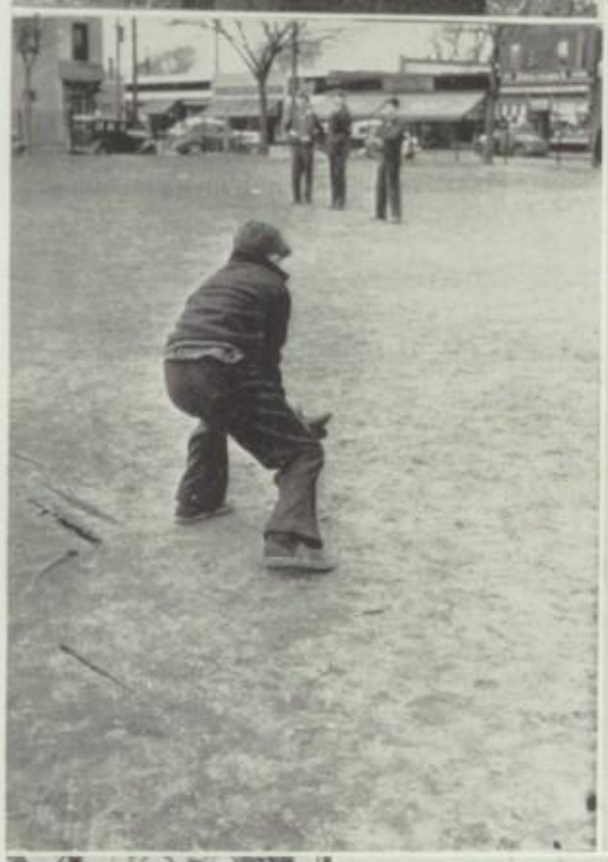
Upon walking into school almost any Friday morning, one often heard Willy Greenwald and Bill Straus chant "Buy the 'Bulletin,' three cents." During the morning, Hank Krauss and Peter Kamins could be seen lugging the movie camera from floor to floor and occasionally showing a picture.

From 8:30 on, quite a few ardent musicians could be seen puffing and panting under Mr. Radtke's watchful eye. In between choruses, or when Flo Hoffman was being taught how to play C#, Billy "Houdini" Erwin would put down his "slush-pump" and show the gang how to make Hal Stahl's mellophone disappear into Al Berger's sax.

Mark Spencer, noted Latin student, caused Mrs. Kielty many astounding moments by his extremely "interesting" translations while Dickey Schwartz amazed Latin and history classes, and some outside groups, by his factual descriptions of anything and everything. Speaking of students (or were we?) the class is proud of Janice Mills and Rosemary Lee, the first lower classmen of the year on the Asterian Society.

On the stage, Sue LeWin and Norma Brand successfully displayed their acting talents. We might add that Betty Jackson displayed her talents also with good effect, providing strong competition for the established sub-debs.

Incidentally, in case you saw pledgees Dick Sterne, Donny Dube, and Mickey Cohen working for their "Sirs," don't feel sorry for them—they'll be doing the same thing to next year's sophomores.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Have you ever tried to find a member of the Freshman Class at two-thirty? We suggest that you look in Miss Schneider's room. You can almost hear them saying, "The Book's answer is wrong!" but it won't be long before the ever-helpful Miss Schneider corrects that statement.

Pondering over a difficult Latin sentence we find our official Latin class quartet, namely, John Wortman, Ralph Joseph, Jack Neer, and Bernard Bookbinder, who, despite Miss Schneider's futile attempts, still believe that Latin is a dead language. Included in our hard-working group of Spanish students are Señoritas Carol Feinberg and Kathryn Walker and Señors Max Lidz and Jerry Broder. Passing by the room filled with struggling students, are Sherwood Heath, our able class president, Mickey Cohen, class representative, and Jean Frank, our bright and eager vice-president. Glancing into the room their eyes fall on their fellow officers, Barbara Rainier, Secretary, and Paul Orr, our honest (we hope!) treasurer. Under the careful guidance of Mrs. Kielty we sponsored a cake sale and sold many magazine subscriptions.

Sitting in one corner of the room is Joseph Boehrer tackling (no, not a football player this time) a tough algebra problem. He isn't the only athletically inclined person in the Freshman Class. Among the other Freshman stars in the world of sports are Eileen Hyman, Vincent Provenzano, and Gloria Bernstein. After making several successful manoeuvers with the ball and racket, Richard Goodkind found himself the winner of the high school ping-pong tournament. Barbara Rainier, the only Freshman able to make the basketball honor team, together with Gladys Sammis, Janet Margolin, Carol Morse, and Hermine Buckwalter, helped to make up the unusually successful Freshman basketball team.

Hark! What strange sounds do we hear? Oh, it's the band practicing again with its new Freshman members including Dorothy Wolff, Iris Einhorn, Warren Zweigel, and Henry Beerman. Another Freshman musician, occasionally heard on assembly programs, is Paderewski, the second, better known as Florence Hymes.

Deeply engrossed in a complicated algebra problem is Jack Neer, famous contest enterer who enters all, but would have to apply a great deal of magic to win one. Speaking of magic, do you know that we have a magician in our midst? He is Fred Klein, who still bewilders people by making eggs disappear into thin air. Often seen with her camera is Rita Bordow, who like her brother is a faithful member of the Camera Club. Two of the most promising Rembrandts are Joan Haley and John Kutina.

Their happy voices fade slowly away and as the sun sinks below the horizon another Freshman school day ends.

BASKETBALL

Concluding its season with a spectacular battle against a brilliant, undefeated South Side quintet, Coach Dan McSweeney's latest edition of Blue and White courtmen completed another highly successful campaign. South Side proved themselves to be the Nemesis of the locals, stopping the Blue Jackets in three encounters, but never by more than four points. After outplaying the South Side team in the entire fray, in the final game of the Nassau County Invitation Tournament, Woodmere was barely edged out in the last period by a score of 35-32.

Woodmere inaugurated its season rather shakily by dropping two successive contests with South Side and Lawrence, but bounced back strongly to capture twelve of the remaining fourteen regularly scheduled games. The Branchers garnered the Section II South Shore championship handily, having lost but two league games. In the South Shore playoff, Woodmere was again topped by a late South Side rally, 27-24. Once again Woodmere showed its mettle by coming back in the tournament to defeat the defending Westbury champions and an aggressive but outclassed Sewanhaka team in two consecutive engagements. As a climax to one of their best seasons, the Blue Jackets played their "fightingest" ball game of the year in the Nassau championship fracas with the Red and Blue of South Side.

Leading his team in point production this year was the 6-foot 4-inch center, Harold Sammis, veteran of three campaigns. Sammis scored a total of almost 150 points for the season. Although starting slowly, the rangy pivot man came along fast to complete his season, recognized as one of the finest centers in the county.

At the guard positions were the two erstwhile halfbacks, Captain Lou Pansini and Bill Strickland, whose set-shooting accuracy and smooth ball handling were a great contribution to the efficiency of the Woodmere offense, while their defensive work also left little to be desired. Allan McCloat and Al Ojewicz, the two forwards, played a consistent and sometimes spectacular brand of basketball throughout the season and were stalwarts on the defense, particularly during the later stages of the campaign. Big Johnny Ridge, who transferred to South Hampton High in the middle of the season, Al Neugebauer, Bob Healy, and Lou Camassa were some of the outstanding reserves who saw action and proved their worth in some of the tight spots. Neugebauer and Healy, it may be recalled, were largely responsible for the home victory over Mepham, while the diminutive Camassa helped out in filling Lou Pansini's shoes in the final with South Side.

Woodmere Conquers
Westbury a
Sammis
South Shore
Strong Finish To
Roll Up 52-38 Win
In Final Game

POETRY

Prize Winning Poem

LEST HE FORGET

by ALYSE BLOCK

Far from a tottering old world of strife,
High o'er a nation—just and true
Floats a living symbol of deep content—
The Red, the White, the Blue.
Far from the lust of the beast in man,
Far from injustice and power,
Far from infernos of fear and dread
Where hundreds of innocents die every hour.
Blessed are we who live in a land
Where equality never shall cease;
Blessed because the heavens above
Have granted us freedom and peace.
In homes and in factories bend millions of heads;
People of city and sod,
Prayerful and thankful for mercy and love
Bestowed by the Almighty God.
And this is the prayer—drawn from millions of hearts
Of gratitude—not of regret
Reminding the Master this country wants peace
And begging Him not to forget:

* *

Ruler of nations, Master of slaves;
King of great dynasties, Lord of the waves;
Controller of destinies, Prophet of fate;
Teaching the virtues of love—not of hate;
Trusted by children, worshipped by men;
Defended for years by the sword and the pen,
Striving for peace, despairing of war;
Healing the sick, guarding the poor;
Destroying the body, redeeming the soul;
Showing the path to the ultimate goal—
Oh, watch over those who are trusting in Thee,
Bless our dear homeland by keeping it free.

Achievement

by BETTY BOOTH

Fulfilling a dream
Resulting in bliss
Adoring recipient
Thrilled young miss.

Pregnant with meaning
Ideal way to win
Noticed by others.
His fraternity pin!

Prospect and Retrospect

by HERBERT CONE

Those happy years have gone so fast,
It's past imagination.
The final eve has come at last—
The night of graduation.

We've had our share of fun and sorrow,
And made some friendships dear.
Long after the passage of tomorrow,
We'll think of old Woodmere.

Farewell to teachers and to friends,
But not farewell to knowledge,
As most of us are headed for
Our freshman days in college.

POETRY

Disguise

by ALYSE BLOCK

Whenever I see them all murmur and smile,
I know that they're thinking I'm queer—
That they're shocked when they see me laugh all the while
When they're speaking of you, my dear.

They think that I should be injured and still
For, of course, they know that I've heard.
And they gasp with surprise as they hear all my lies
And they start as they hear my words:
"I'm really so thankful that it's all finished now
And, believe me, I mean what I say;
So please don't go 'round feeling sorry for me
For I like things much better this way."
And so they hurry homeward to tell all their friends
How calm I am being and wise;
While I keep on smiling and hiding my heart
In a role that's a perfect disguise.

Farewell

by FAITH BERGER

Farewell to the woodland hills that rise,
Green on blue against the skies;
That weather cold and icy blow,
And smiling, gaze from lofty heights
On dreamers far below.

Farewell to the gleaming waters bright
That mirror moonbeams in the night,
Whose ripples sing a lullaby,
And lap against the verdant shore
With dreamy, placid sigh.

Johnny

by JUNE ENGLEHEART

"Be careful near fires," Mother had said,
But Johnny was known to be careless,
Too near the bonfire he stuck his head,
And then poor Johnny was hairless;

"Before crossing the street, look up and down"
But this warning didn't go very far,
For Johnny just danced off the curb like a clown,
And found himself under a car.

Now boys like Johnny don't live very long,
And never his ways did he mend,
For while crossing the train tracks singing a song,
A train came and that was the end.

Prayer

by ALYSE BLOCK

Help me stop the growing ache
That fills my breaking heart;
Help me think of someone else
And make a brand new start.

Help me find one happy hour
For every tear I've shed;
And draw a curtain on the past
To help me look ahead.

Fill this dismal life of mine
With joy and laughter gay;
Help my mind forget my heart
And dry my tears away.

I pray, dear Lord, for all of these
And that You'll ever bless
The one whom I think no less of—
But now must think of less.

Volley Ball

Boys' Badminton

Girls' Badminton

Volley Ball

I've got it! Here it comes! These were just some of the many familiar utterances heard during this year's volley ball season. The games were enlivened by Sybil Beck and Eunice France, our star contenders. Every time the ball was near Sybil, she would screech "I've got it," and then her hands would vanish from fright while the ball would just fall to the floor. Eunice, on the other hand, would return every ball, but then, her hands being more powerful than her body, would force the latter to sprawl out on the floor to recuperate. These are only two of the outstanding occurrences of a victorious volley ball season.

Girls' Badminton

During the fall months, a group of athletic "femmes" could be seen practicing diligently in the gymnasium. Some mighty fine players, were the result of this strenuous sport. Badminton was one of the activities, we are proud to say, which rang out the chimes of victory. Jean Morse and Carol Meyer were victorious over the athletic Degroot sisters in the intramural tournament. Ah! the match with the boys! It was truly pathetic to see them leave the gymnasium. Stanley Barak and Edward Rothenstein really played a nice game, but the three masculine doubles matches were unsuccessful. Sewanhaka High School was also defeated by our potent team. But now, we must leave the gym as we have other places to visit before this resumé is complete.

Boys' Badminton

The Intramural Badminton Club this year was again under the capable supervision of Mr. Harrison Otis, erstwhile track mentor. The group met regularly throughout the Winter, twice weekly. One of the features of the campaign was a match between the boys' and girls' teams. At the beginning of the season, the boys played only "choose up" games, but as the Winter progressed, tournaments were organized and keen competition was waged. Louis Levine emerged as the singles champion and combined with Stanley Barak to capture the doubles crown. The following boys were regular members of the Intramural Badminton Club for 1941: Howard Shiff, Herbert Behrens, Stanley Barak, Louis Levine, Sanford Latner, Warren Zweigel, Albert Davidson, William Hendrickson, Elliot Cohen, Edward Rothenstein, Wesley France, and Daniel Sternlight.

Senior Prize Essay

Retribution

by Alyse Block

Wrathful and blood-red, the raging flame snapped greedily at the last vistages of matter, sputtered convulsively, and, having spent itself, burned out. Where there had been unbearable heat, there was now a stifling silence. Blue and impenetrable, the smoke hung like a thick canopy over a ravaged earth. For, once again the Lord had realized that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of his heart was only evil. For the second time He had said, "I will blot out Man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth: for the earth is filled with violence because of him. Behold, I will destroy Man *and* the earth!" Thus it came to pass. The scorching fire laid waste to plain and mountain: man and beast were equally powerless and soon were nothing. And the dense blanket of smoke lifted from the earth's blackened face and rose slowly. Higher still and higher—until it merged with the drifting clouds and was no more.

In the High Court of Heaven, there was great confusion. All the Angels were present to witness the trial of the last mortals. The Great Hall was crowded to capacity, and the murmurs of "Why? . . . Why?" rose to a thunderous clamour. Suddenly the Portals swung wide, and the Lord entered and took his place before a hushed assemblage.

For an endless moment, He was silent, and then, at last He spoke:

"The end of all flesh is come, for all flesh have corrupted their way upon the earth."

And the vast congregation heard and knew it to be true.

Again the Lord spoke and answered this time their question. "Man is nothing. He is but a part of life itself, and means no more than the beast which he eats or the insect he tramples. Because Man hath been discontent with his lot and ambitious, he hath been consequently wicked. And I have repented that I ever made Man for he hath sorely grieved my heart."

And the throng bowed their heads and were distressed.

"I have loved Man and have created him in mine own form, and he hath caused my heart to break for him. And now must I bring judgment upon his head. Still, first he shall have the chance to right himself in my eyes. Thou all shalt hear and must bear with me. But I shall pass sole Judgment for he is my last child."

The Angels of the Lord were wretched for His sorrow, and their hearts were heavy for his grief. He waited with His head upon His arms until Man entered and stood before Him. Then, for several moments He gazed at His child and in His eyes was naked agony. However, when at last He spoke, all intimacy had vanished and His voice was cold and frightening.

"Thou standeth before this Tribunal to receive Judgment. If I speak falsely, thou hast the right to tell me. Dost thou understand?"

Man stood as indifferent as stone and did not answer.

The Lord continued: "When first thou saw the light, the earth was a green paradise, which thou hast since destroyed. Thus far, do I speak truth?"

Man nodded, suddenly aware that it was so.

"Thou hast coveted thy brother's wife and his food and his land. Not content with coveting them, thou hast stolen them. And still discontent, thou hast then slain thy brother. Do I accuse thee wrongly?"

Still Man was silent, but his heart felt vague misgivings.

"Thy mind thou hast shut tightly against me; hast thou not?"

Man stood mute and yet he trembled.

"And thou hast forced thine heart to disbelieve in me. And in this last heretic act, thou hast divorced me from thy soul. Knowest thou the solemnity of this?"

And Man was frightened and ashamed. He threw himself before the Lord and pleaded for forgiveness. For a moment, the Lord's eyes were filled with fierce love and compassion; then He was stern once more.

"My child, thou hast sinned, and thou must suffer for it. Although thou art the last of all my children, I cannot spare thee. But in thine anguish, think thou not vengefully of me, for mine own torture shall be ten-fold thine."

Then the Angels led Man from the Hall and quietly wept for the misery he had brought. And the Lord watched them go with tired, brimming eyes; and He buried His tear-wet face between His hands. Behind the departing Angels, the Portals swung shut slowly and silently, and the Lord was left alone.

Far, far away, a dwindling planet lay barren and forgotten. Tranquilly, the sun arose and watched the tiny sphere shrink smaller and smaller. And when the bright sunbeams at noon reached out, they touched only nothingness; and every semblance of the earth was lost forever.

Do you say "Fanciful! . . . Impossible . . . Ridiculous!"? Perhaps you are right. However, can we not suppose that such an unforeseen event may someday come to pass? Human beings have always been self-satisfied and rather smug. They have declared that life was something unasked for and unimportant. Some have been content to take it as such. Others have decided to snatch as much good from life as possible and to give just as little in return. Therefore, the world today is exactly what we can expect it to be—a kennel of ferocious dogs, scrapping noisily, totally oblivious to the helpless barking of the lesser mongrels. However, we men are not dumb animals. Instead, we are fools! We are blind to our priceless opportunity; we are indifferent to the glory about us; we are unconscious of our rare heritage. We see only power, lust, martyrdom, disease, immorality, poverty. We desire materialistic fortune; we mock idealistic happiness.

The majority of men recognize the principle that God has created us in His own likeness and has conceived us from the true kindness of His great heart. And surely we have shown our gratitude! Should He not be proud to say to Himself: "There is Man whom I have created. How it warms my heart to perceive him and all that he has done."

Throughout the world, much good has already been spoken and is still being spoken. However, the speakers are a small minority and the doers are the doers of evil. Who can say that it shall not be ever thus? And who could blame God for denouncing as a futile experiment the entire civilization of mankind? We have had too long our chance for redemption. It is too late to recall vaguely the dimly remembered phrases: "Thou shalt not lie," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill!" It is too late to reach frantically for long-forgotten rosaries and prayer books! Man's destiny is drawn in heavy, defiant lines. It is a clear picture, a black picture, and he has drawn it himself—in a precise, unfaltering hand.

Camera Club

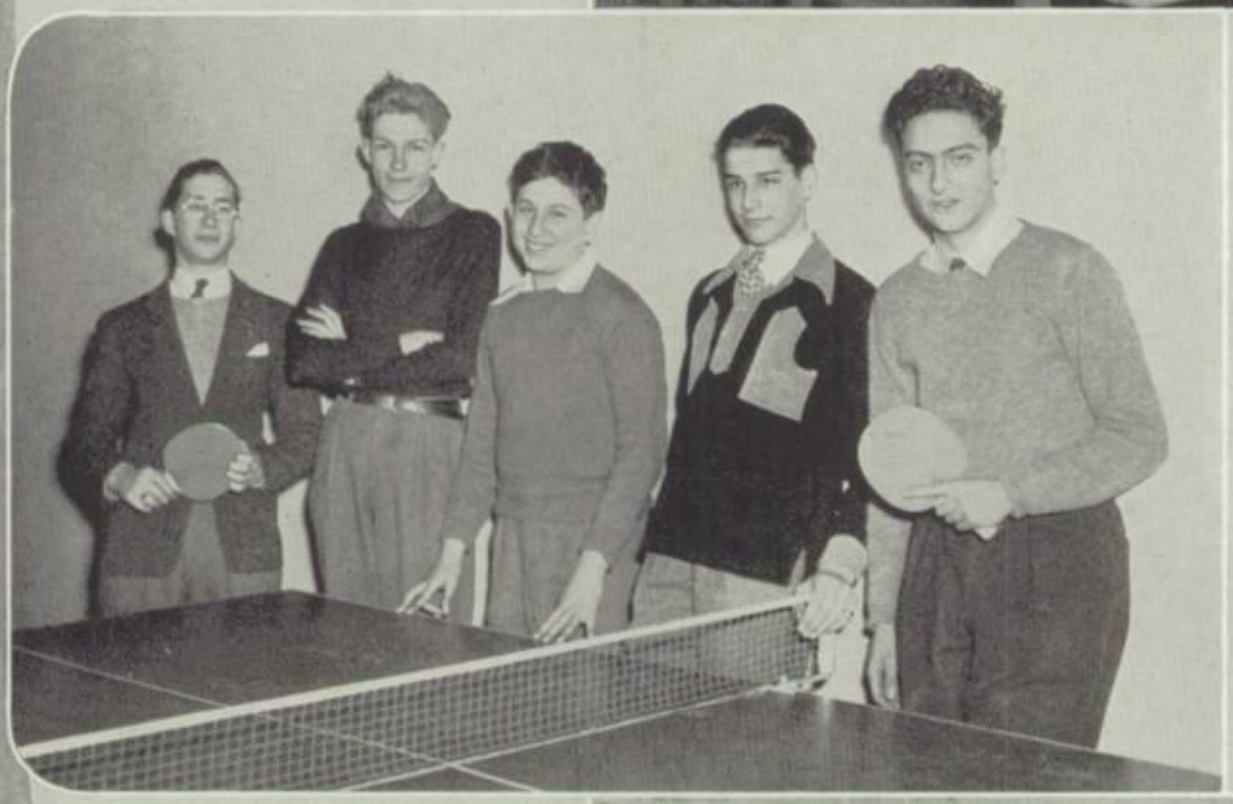
Motion Picture Operators

Woodmere Wizards

Spanish Club

Debating Club

French Club



Girls' Ping Pong

Boys' Ping Pong

Freshman Basketball

Girls' Ping-Pong

Amidst the loudest and most raucous noise Woodmere has experienced for some time, the girls' 1940 ping-pong season got under way. Shortly after the season opened, a tournament commenced which was won by a narrow margin. Sylvia Kohn and Joan Runkel were proclaimed the victors over Doris Kallman and Flora Hoffman. These two doubles teams represented Woodmere at playday held at Oceanside, in which approximately fifteen high schools were represented. Our school won a commendable recognition for itself by placing second in the tournament. Thus, another highly successful ping-pong season was brought to a happy close through the efforts of Miss Pulvermacher. Many new "slices, slams and cuts" were learned and the newly acquired grace and coordination was apparent in the participants.

Boys' Ping-Pong

The 1940-'41 edition of Woodmere High School ping-pong paddlers was especially active throughout the recently concluded season. Aside from the annual ping-pong ladder, or tournament, from which, incidentally, Sophomore Richard Goodkind emerged the victor, the group participated in an inter-school tournament. This campaign, marking the third year of the club's existence, was by far the most popular, interesting, and successful. It was also the third consecutive year that the participants were efficiently coached and supervised by Mr. Kenneth Gregory, the erstwhile manual arts instructor. Affable Mr. Gregory gave up much of his spare time in order to devote himself to directing a large number of students in one of the most popular indoor winter intramural sports activities.
Freshman Basketball 1940-41

Freshman Basketball 1940-41

Following in the footsteps of other undefeated frosh squads which went on to glory as championship varsity teams, this year's quintet completed their campaign without once tasting defeat. With Mr. Gilmartin holding the coaching reins, the cagers developed rapidly into a high scoring, well-balanced combine that played heads-up ball the entire season. Chaminade provided the sternest opposition but was subdued by a late rally. Vincent Provenzano paced the team in point production. The defensive work, however, is not to be overlooked as the efforts of John Foley and Johnny Provenzano were responsible for a number of close victories. Miles Hoye, the squad's manager, saw to it that everything ran smoothly on the sidelines.

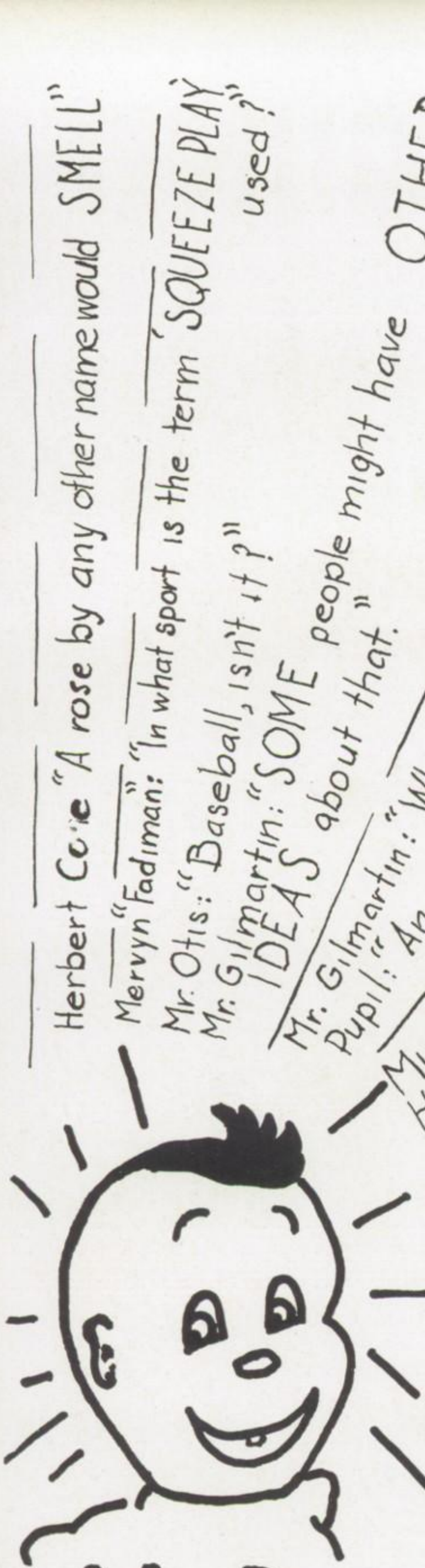
"BULLETIN"

The "Bulletin," already an established institution at Woodmere, attained greater prominence than ever before this year under the guidance of Mrs. Brower, Bob Zweigel, and his able staff. Not only was the circulation of the paper nearly doubled, but a much neater paper was also turned out. Instead of appearing on odd Mondays, the "Bulletin" came out every other Friday, at eight-thirty-five sharp.

The most outstanding new feature in the paper was the column on styles created by Betty Booth and Doris Hulbert. These two young ladies told the student body just what to wear to school through the medium of two imaginary fashionplates, Gerry and Jimmy. Jimmy carried on a vigorous campaign to stop the girls from combing their locks in classes, but to no avail. However, this column did much to improve the general appearance of both football heroes and coeds alike.

The "Bulletin" now has its own office on the fourth floor. Although it is probably closer to heaven than any other section of the building, it is an indescribable asset, as the editor can yell at his staff without disrupting any classes which may happen to be in progress at the time.

All fooling aside, the "Bulletin" did a grand job this year, and we of "Patches" would like to add our congratulations to those of the whole school for a really marvelous series of issues.



iWISE REMARKS ~

Herbert Cole "A rose by any other name would SMELL"

Mervyn Fadiman: "In what sport is the term 'SQUEEZE PLAY' used?"

Mr. Otis: "Baseball, isn't it?"

Mr. Gilmartin: "SOME people might have IDEAS about that."

Mr. Gilmartin: "What is an AMPHIBIAN?"

Pupil: "An amphibian is an animal which SWIMS on LAND."

Miss Moser: "What is it Howard?"

Howard Geiger: "Miss Moser, some CULPRIT PURLOINED my French book."

"BARB" is the way girls wear their hair.

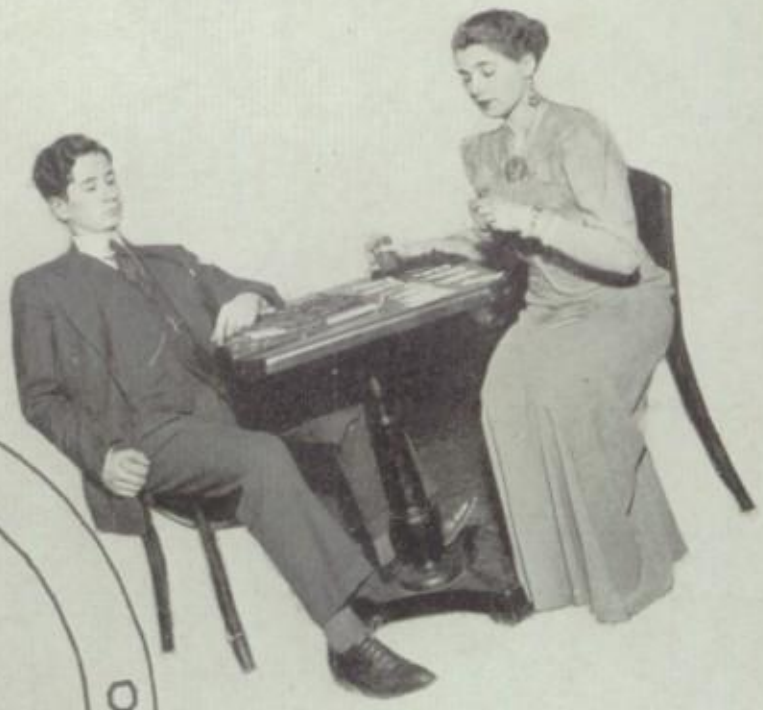
"HIEROGLYPHICS" are crazy people.

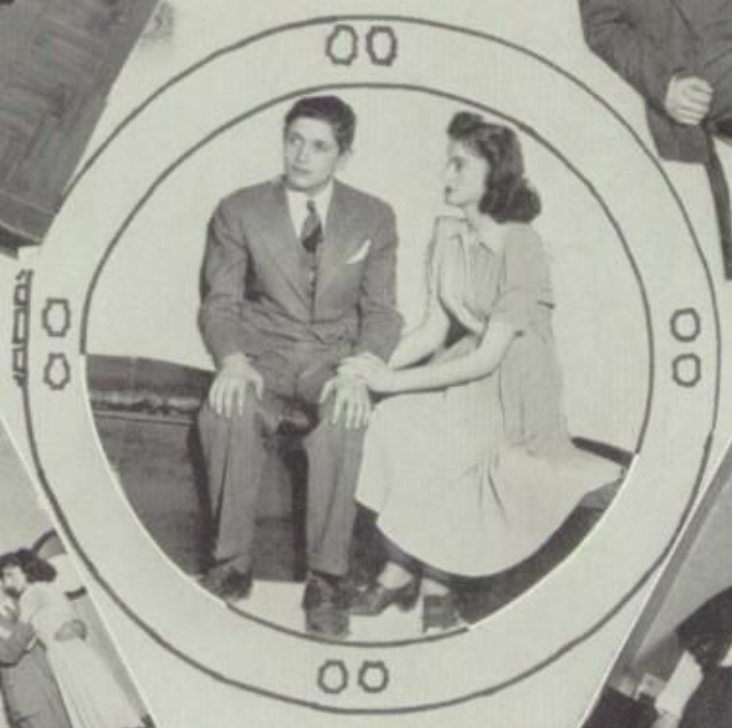
Extract from a composition-"My cousin took me to an island surrounded by water"

THE

JUNIOR CLASS PRESENTS

"OUTWARD BOUND"





THE CAST

GERALD TELDON	LEO POSTREL
DAWNE EINHORN	EDITH GREEN
SIDNEY LEBRUN	BURTON WEILAND
FAITH BERGER	RICHARD SCHULMAN

EVERSON KINN ESQ.

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MISS HEDWIG HASS

"PATCHES"

One of the blessings which the members of the "Patches" Board were fond of counting over and over again was that the weeks as hectic as those immediately preceding our deadline were few and far between. It seemed to be an outstanding failing of our gallant little crew to leave all copy 'till those last lingering days. Not that we were worried! No one ever worried—except the editor, but that was her job.

This year more than ever "Patches" is a school book. Members of all four classes have contributed not only financial aid to the book but also a great deal of the material and a great many of the pictures found within. We are glad and grateful for the increasing interest found among the lower classmen. Let's hope it increases in the coming years.

Every year the "Patches" Board is comprised of the same offices. This year it consisted of: Editor-in-chief—Jeannette Schwarz, Business manager Marjorie McCormack, Photography—Stanley Barak, Advertising—Peggy Beaudouin and Herbert Cone, Senior editors—Alyse Block and Edward Cohen, Sales manager John Arbib, Art — Marilyn Goodman and Eunice France, Sports—Jean Morse and Harry Beaudouin.

These are the heads of their departments and it is their right and job to pick responsible committees to aid them in carrying out the multiple duties of their positions.

"Patches" is the result of combined labor and ambition. We have bent our best efforts to making it a success. We have tried to keep it true to its purpose—a yearbook of the students, by the students, and for the students and we hope we have succeeded.

Girls' Basketball

Track

Girls' Baseball

Girls' Basketball

This year marked a double victory for the Woodmere girls. Neither the Seniors nor the honor team was defeated. Woodmere triumphed over Malverne, Southside, East Rockaway, and Lawrence. Then came the big day. The new lads challenged the old grads and won. This was an exciting and unexpected victory. Mary Schweitzer and Marge McCloat were the alumnae's star forwards, but good guarding suppressed them. After the honor team plowed through the snow and skidded in a taxi to Hofstra, they discovered, much to their surprise, that Woodmere was the only school, out of fifteen, strong enough to brave the weather conditions. Thus, this year's playday was cancelled. There's a great deal of fight in Woodmere, and next year's team ought to prove this point.

Boy's Ping Pong

Track

Coaches Otis and Cruickshank of the track squad are anticipating one of the most successful seasons in the annals of Woodmere's track history. An unusually large and talented squad of candidates turned out for the first practice and lost little time in impressing their mentors with an abundance of ability.

At this writing, the best potential point producers appear to be Joe Weinstein and Bob Walker in the dashes and sprint events, and Joe Vilardi, who hit 5′ 8″ last spring, in the high jump. Also expected to garner places in competition are three good half-milers, Don Nyreen, Wesley France, and Tom Barnwell. Lester Darmstadt will again compete in the mile, although it is almost a certainty that Nyreen will be shifted to this event as a reinforcement.

Editor's note: Perhaps those exercises which the boys had to do were a sore point with Harry, but nevertheless they were really very amusing to watch.

Girls' Baseball

At the time the editor called for this article, baseball had just begun. Consequently, I am only able to predict not to relate the success of the team. However, now Mrs. Saunders and the girls are earnestly hoping for a prosperous season. Some of the old baseball veterans have decided to try their hand at tennis since they have acquired the knack of baseball. Therefore, the girls will have to work hard in order to have a strong team. If they can find a few more people like "Sweety" Leykamn, the girls ought to come out "on top."

The new group of Freshman seem to have quite a bit of athletic ability, and they also seem to be anxious to get out on the field.

Glee Club

Dance Band

Band

Glee Club

If you heard the chatter of many voices accompanied by a piano, it was no doubt the Glee Club. Then, if above the noise came the voice of Mr. Radtke, our able music instructor, you were sure it was the Glee Club. In his work with the club, Mr. Radtke uncovered much hidden talent, which otherwise might have gone unnoticed. After long planning and rehearsing, the Glee Club presented its first concert before the high school student body. Twenty-four girls made up the choral group. The effective use of the theme song "Beautiful Lady" at the beginning and end of the concert, as well as the fine lighting effects, did much to add to the general effect. The second annual production of "Pleasure Island" was given later on in the term. The members of the Glee Club were found participating in this grand performance.

Dance Band

This year, the dance band was somewhat restricted in its activities on account of the new schedule which made it impossible for the band to play for noon dancing, as it has in former years. Despite the unfortunate check on its enterprises, the band remained intact, rehearsing constantly throughout the year for its own program, "Pleasure Island," which was presented on the evening of Friday, May 2nd. Because the band persisted, in the face of innumerable odds, in attempting to add many moments of pleasure to the school life of the student body "Patches" feels that the whole school owes the band a word of encouragement, and also hopes that next year, schedule permitting, noon dancing will be resumed.

Band

A complete change was made in the band this year. The "musicians" blew for an hour the first thing every morning. The students were not only given additional time in which to play, but they also received more credit. They were given one high school credit for each year. The biggest and best improvement was noticed at the first concert which the band gave. They, at last, received their uniforms, although it was through their own endeavors. They made a very nice appearance, all "dressed up." Because of their extra practice, the ability of the band was greatly improved as well as their appearance.

We are all hoping that we see them out on the grid next fall.

VARSITY BASEBALL

No less than eighty-one candidates reported to baseball Coach, Dan McSweeney, the first week in April for the initial practice session. This, incidentally, was probably the largest number of boys ever to turn out for baseball at Woodmere High School. In order to handle the squad more efficiently, Coach McSweeney divided it into three separate groups, Assistant Coach, Al Walling supervising the newcomers.

Prospects at this writing are only fair, however, due to a dearth of experienced pitchers and the scarcity of sufficient slugging strength in the batting order. Heading the list of the few returning veterans is Pitcher Bud Melik who, providing he can acquire a bit more control for his fast ball, should record a considerable number of victories for the Blue and White nine. Other hurlers who will complement the mound staff include newcomers Bud Shanley, Alby Otte, and Buddy Sammis, taking up where his brother, Harold, left off. However, none of these boys is a varsity letter-winner of last season.

As yet, the infield is pretty well set but the outfield lineup is not quite definite. Among those picketmen competing for berths on the first string line are Carmen Notturno, Matty Romano, Harry Millard, Willy Wilson, Johnny Provenzano, and Harry Karp. The infield shapes up as follows: Alex Vogeley at first, Dick Fynke or Sherry Heath at second, Harold Knapp at shortstop, and Larry Rosenbaum at the hot corner. However, this combination will undoubtedly be juggled about in the course of Mac's experimentations. Vince Provenzano and burly Johnny Beacorn will divide the catching chores.

One or two changes in positions have been made by Coach McSweeney in order to remedy the problems created by new vacancies. Perhaps the most notable of these is that of shifting Alex Vogeley, who performed in left field last year while Charlie Grafeld took care of first base, to the initial sack. Dick Fynke, formerly a shortstop, will play at second this season to succeed Medie Notturno, and with Hal Knapp, the new shortstop, will probably form a pretty fast and fancy keystone combination as far as double plays are concerned.

In regard to the batting power of this year's team, at this date it looks only fair, but as several of last season's tested veterans will undoubtedly improve their averages and come through with a few more base knocks, the team may well prove itself stronger in this department as the campaign progresses than is generally anticipated.

THE DIARY OF A GRADUATE

Sept. 1930—First Grade—The big red building is no longer an empty shell for no longer am I on the outside looking in! Instead, I'm on the inside looking out—longingly! I'm trying like anything to discover a plausible reason for eight being the *only* answer to 4+4=?. All the stories in our reader are about Peter and Polly. I never can tell the difference between the word "said" and the word "and." They look exactly alike.

Sept. 1931—Second Grade—I guess I'm getting old. All the little first graders look *so-o-o* small. There's a little girl named Peggy in front of me who is the quietest thing! The teacher likes her but *I* don't! When It's somebody's birthday, he's allowed to erase the boards and go on all the errands. I don't think that's fair. My birthday's in August.

Oct. 1932—Third Grade—We have history and geography now and English too. We have to remember that Columbus discovered America. I don't know why he's important. It's so big—anybody could find it. Almost all the children are losing their teeth. We have milk and crackers at 11:00 a.m. I think it's a silly idea. I hate milk.

Nov. 1933—Fourth Grade—We're in the annex now. David Loeb was put behind the stove three times this week for talking. I don't think the teacher likes me. I got awful marks on my report card. Sally Fyfe wears the brightest hair ribbons I ever saw, but little Phyllis Behrens always has the biggest.

Dec. 1934—Fifth Grade—The teacher can't seem to get us under control, but I think she makes us seem worse than we are. After all, we have *some* outstanding people. Lorna Klar will probably be a wonderful poetess some day—she writes a poem for every occasion.

Next week, we have examinations. I'm awfully scared, but this certainly proves that I'm growing up.

Jan. 1935—Sixth Grade—I never realized before that you can have a good time in school and learn at the same time. However, this year taught me how. For the first time we know what it is to be TOPS in our field. It's lots of fun pushing the little kids out of our way in the halls. I just noticed that Carolyn Kupferberg has the most purr-ring voice and Louis Hoch has eyelashes that make me green with envy.

Feb. 1936—Seventh Grade—Well, here we are back at the bottom again and we certainly feel small. After almost six months, I no longer jump when the period bell rings. And I feel pretty proud of my fellow classmates—All the teachers consider us the most intelligent and enjoyable class they've ever had. In fact, Mr. Allen made a special concession to our homeroom teacher by letting him have us for two consecutive terms.

Mar. 1937—Eighth Grade—Things are really stirring this year—scholastically and socially. A new addition to our group, Joe Weinstein, has, as Mr. Plantamura observed, an "affinity" for the girl who sits in front of him in General Science. I have so much fun in General Language class. Myron Mayper and Charlie Marqusee give Miss Schilling stiff competition for attention by kicking rubbers up and down the aisles. Incidentally, Charlie has started on his obvious career as a Cassanova and has already broken a few hearts. Joan Donohue had all her beautiful long hair cut the other day and although she looks as pretty and Irish as ever, she does look like a shorn lamb.

Mar. 1938—Freshman year—Spring buds and blossoms are late this year but who cares? *We* have arrived! Although I am still rather awed by my superiors,

I have, as have all my girl friends, succumbed to violent crushes on Danny Karsch and Richard Walters. I ordered my first "Patches" last week. Just think—someday we might be editing a "Patches." I don't see how we'll be able to. Marjorie McCormack, Walter Henggeler, "Oscar" Caidin—are awfully quiet but they get "swell" marks. I'm going out for horseback riding this year but lots of people, including Carol Meyer (who's a whiz) chose tennis instead. Well, onward and upward. At least I'm on my way and the worst is passed.

Apr. 1939—Sophomore—Well, here I am at the turning point of my career. My first Regents loom on the horizon and boy, I'm scared. A tall, athletic looking girl, named Jean Morse, came in from the Academy and from confidential reports our hockey team will be augmented next fall. This is a boomer year for our female forces 'cause we also added Gloria "Rocky" Silverstein and Betty "Dorothy Thompson" Booth to our ranks. Bob Walker and Joe Weinstein are giving the upper classmen much to worry about in defending their laurels in the field of track, while Carol Isaacs and Olga Wyrostock are upholding the honor of our class in the field of art.

May 1940—Junior year—Well, we've nearly reached the end of our Junior year and so far it's been wonderful. However, something has happened to our class. I used to be so proud when the teachers complimented our class on its attributes. Now, however, we are no longer exemplatory, and the teachers have wasted no time in commenting upon this. In spite of this, The class is basking in the glory that comes with distinction. You should've seen Jean Degroot do the "hic de hic" at the basketball games. Eddie Cohen, a new addition to our class, won the Junior essay contest and Howard Geiger has taken his first step by way of "What A Life," towards becoming an outstanding performer in the three S's—stage, school, and society. "Pleasure Island" made its debut this year and it was grand. Francis Hurley and Betty Reilly sang so nicely and Al Bleich was so funny!

June, 1941—Senior Year—Looking back over twelve years of school, I don't think I've ever done so much as I've done this past year and never had such a wonderful time. It was so much fun working on "Yes and No" and we all got the chance to know and love Miss Underhill. Jeannette began to raise the cry of "Copy, more copy" and "Patches" actually got under way. Senior averages were announced and Marjorie McCormack won the honor of being valedictorian. Peggy Beaudouin and Phyllis Behrens took strides up the ladder of popularity and Bob Zweigel worked wonders with the "Bulletin." Now June has actually come and I keep wondering where we'll all be next year at this time. Everyone is talking about the future, dreaming of the past, and thinking of the present. These last few weeks have flown—dinner, prom, Regents, baccalaureate, and then—I can't believe it but I suppose it's really true at last—graduation!

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